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THE FASHIONS THAT ARE TO BE

PICTORIAL REVIEW

WM. McDOWELL, EDITOR.

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VISIONS OF PAST DELIGHTS.

Fashion Chat
By Comtesse Chiffon

WHENEVER a change of season comes about there is naturally great anxiety among women at large concerning the coming styles. This year is no exception to the general rule, on the contrary, the little straws which show the direction of the current of fashion have long indicated radical changes, and these, while ardently desired by all concerned, are at the same time a source of anxiety lest some grave mistake be made in the early toilettes ordered and exhibited.

It is in the waist that the greatest chance of variety is offered, more especially so this season. The waist as a separate garment has long been eschewed by those women who can afford as many complete costumes as they desire, but there is another large class who revel in the many odd waists which they can wear with one or two or even more skirts. These separate waists are made of all conceivable materials, and none is more popular than all over lace. This forms the greater part of the garment and the balance is of silk, of embroidered chiffon, of velvet or of other fancy weave. The chance for novelty is made as much of in odd waists as in the waists of costumes. The cut is generally in the blouse style, except for very stout figures. This blouse is very long in front, coming several inches below the waist, giving the downward dip effect so much sought after. To aid in obtaining it the low bust corset was invented, and is an absolute necessity, especially to the American figure which is not naturally adapted to this style. The blouse is made so as to be worn either open or closed, the edges are faced with some handsome embroidery or with a rich brocade or velvet.

The collar in like manner is made to be worn open or closed, and in order to meet this requirement several new styles have been introduced, of which the favorite is the "Aiglon" model. It is cut some sixteen or eighteen inches long, and one side laps over the other in a point. One side is generally of cloth embroidered in metallic effects, and the other side of fancy silk or velvet or even fur. The collar was introduced by Madame Sara Bernhardt in the play called "L'Aiglon," which treats of the story of the unhappy son of Napoleon I., the King of Rome or Duke of Reichstadt as he is more generally called. In this play Mme. Bernhardt wore the clothes of the epoch of the play, and this particular collar decorated one of L'Aiglon's coats. Hence its name.

Next in popularity to "L'Aiglon" is the "Directoire" or "Napoleon" collar. This is the model which has a high, standing, inside collar, over which the outside is turned down and cut away. This, too, is made to be worn either open or closed, and the outer side is generally very richly embroidered, gold and silver braid and cord being lavishly used and red, black and white being introduced wherever there is a chance. Sometimes this collar is cut away entirely in front, and then the collar of the vest or underwaist is plainly seen, and gives an additional touch of ornamentation. From these two styles come dozens of variations, and it needs only a little ingenuity to evolve something which is entirely new and yet in perfect style.

After the collar the greatest change of this season is in the sleeve. The skin-tight model which was dreaded by wearers and makers alike, has been shoved aside, and all sorts of draped models are in vogue. The Paquin sleeve, tight to the elbow, where it ends in a turnback cuff and is continued in a puff of some soft fabric, was the first to show the way, and from that one sleeve we have many others, some plaited their entire length, with occasionally a puff at the elbow, the sleeve tight to the elbow and falling in soft folds to the wrist, where it is held by a narrow wristband, the Gretchen model with puffs at shoulder, elbow and wrist and tight in between, are a few of the novelties of this season. A study of our plates will show many variations and a study of materials will show many other possible changes, all perfectly permissible. Even in tailor-made costumes some latitude is allowed when it comes to the sleeve. Here the severity of plain lines is relaxed and a little fancy is displayed.

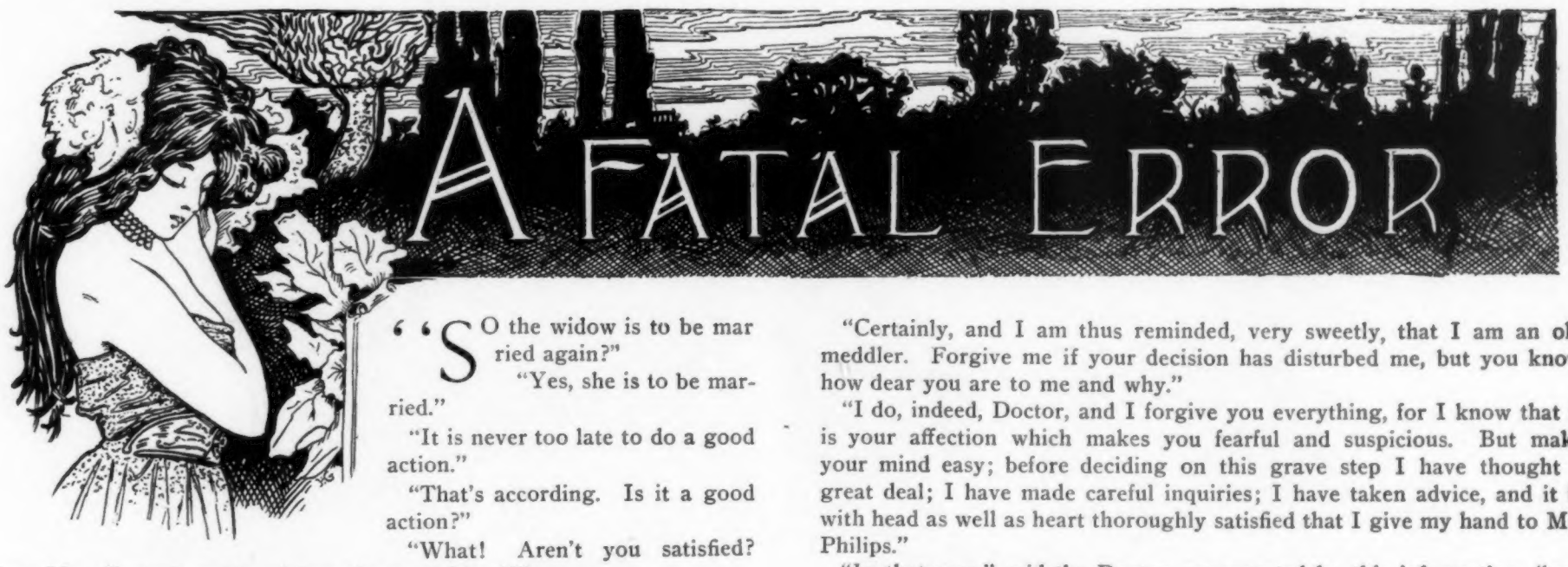
In this connection it is noticeable that the most favored tailor-made styles this season are not as severe as usual. Woman is not seen at her best in hard, plain garments, and the French have been the ones to modify the tailor style so that it has much grace and beauty as well as simplicity, the harshness being entirely banished. The low bust corset is partially responsible for this change also.

One of the favorite styles of waist for tailor-made costumes is the "sans-revers" jacket. This garment is cut away at the neck, showing a little chemisette or shirt front and the collar of the under garment. The jacket is variously finished, sometimes having only stitching on all its edges, sometimes having a small fancy collar which extends around the back of the jacket, and towards the front a little beyond the shoulder seams. It is so arranged that it lies quite flat, not giving any appearance of revers. These jackets are intended primarily to be worn with the small fur scarfs and boas which are to be more in vogue this season than ever before. Without any outer wrap they would not be warm enough to be worn when the winter season is once really with us; they are, however, quite ideal for fall wear, giving a chance for the display of all sorts of delicate neck arrangements.

The bolero and Eton are still favored for the demi-tailleur style of costumes. They are made of plain cloth, silk and even velvet, although this last material is reserved for reception and very dressy calling costumes. The garments are sometimes tucked across and end abruptly some distance above the waist line, below them the silk of the waist being allowed to show its beauty.

The sleeves of all the demi-tailleur jackets and waists are a little more fancy than for severe tailor styles, the simplest having the sleeve fitting to the elbow and flaring slightly below it, ending in a turn back cuff. For the boleros the zouave sleeve which flares to a short distance below the elbow and has a soft inner cuff protruding for the balance of the distance is a favorite. The bishop sleeve is also favored for the dressy tailor made, the cuff being of some ornamental braiding or embroidery.

While speaking of tailor-made costumes we must say a word about coats for the winter season. It is a satisfaction to know that there is not the slightest doubt along this line. Coats will be either very short or very long. The half length garment, the automobile coat of last winter, is dead beyond any power of resurrection. The new auto-coat is the Empire model. It is as long as the skirt, sometimes a trifle shorter in the back and cut in fancy shape at the edge. It has a little, a very little fullness in the skirts and the upper portion is practically tight fitting, having either a yoke or a simulated one of stitching or plain cloth outlined by a strap which runs around both back and front, and is either stitched or plain. These coats are often double-breasted.



"SO the widow is to be married again?"

"Yes, she is to be married."

"It is never too late to do a good action."

"That's according. Is it a good action?"

"What! Aren't you satisfied? You, Mrs. Foster's guide, philosopher and friend?"

"No; I am not satisfied. For some reason the idea of this marriage is not very pleasing to me. True, Mr. Philips is a handsome young man, pleasant and agreeable; but why does he wish to marry Mrs. Foster? Yes, I know she is charming, but she is ten years his senior, and men do not generally choose a woman so decidedly their elder unless they are gaining some material advantage by doing so."

"Are you hinting that it is Mrs. Foster's fortune that has attracted the young man?"

"I do not say exactly that—but—I am a pessimist, it is the fault of my years."

With these words, Dr. Fielding left his friend, who had stopped him to ask a confirmation of the reported engagement of Mrs. Foster and Lieutenant Philips.

Mrs. Foster was thirty-five, and in the full bloom of her dark beauty, a little too luxuriant as to figure, perhaps, but decidedly handsome. She had lost her husband ten years before, after five years of a married life which was not all roses, her husband, a brute, having never contributed to her happiness in any way except by dying while she was still young enough to enjoy the good things which his fortune could procure for her.

The fortune which came to his widow being entirely unrestricted had caused hosts of suitors to seek her favor, but without success; she had apparently had enough of conjugal sweets.

Yet now, suddenly, she was to be married a second time! What had caused the change in her views? Mr. Philips' good looks? Weariness of a lonely life? The chill which sometimes seizes the heart of a woman who sees her youth fleeing from her and wishes still to enjoy it? Who can tell?

These were the thoughts that passed through Dr. Fielding's mind as he wended his way toward Mrs. Foster's house. His mind was not at ease; his brief conversation with his friend had given form to his vague apprehensions, and in giving voice to his thoughts they had become a matter of fear to him.

Mrs. Foster was the daughter of a friend of his childhood, the friend whom he would have married if she had so willed, and his affection for the young widow was really paternal—so much so that, although she was by no means of the age of leading strings, he felt it incumbent upon him to offer advice and to question the wisdom of her doings. If he had felt that this second marriage would increase her happiness his own life would have been richer by just that much joy. But this certitude was the very thing wanting, and he determined to at least put an end to his doubts.

A few moments later he entered Mrs. Foster's drawing room unannounced.

He found her reclining among the cushions of a sofa looking very charming and happy. She rose to greet him.

"Well, what good news?" she asked.

"None, except the talk of the town—your marriage."

"What! The talk of the town?"

"Yes; even so; and with good reason; a brilliant young officer of twenty-five to marry a pretty—a very pretty—woman, but a woman of thirty-five."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Foster, smiling up at him, "you are cross."

"Yes, I am, very cross, and the cause of it is your marriage. To give yourself thus to the first comer! Who is this Mr. Philips? Where does he come from? What do you know about him? Who knows him?"

"I know him," said the young woman, without losing her serenity; "that is enough, isn't it?"

"Certainly, and I am thus reminded, very sweetly, that I am an old meddler. Forgive me if your decision has disturbed me, but you know how dear you are to me and why."

"I do, indeed, Doctor, and I forgive you everything, for I know that it is your affection which makes you fearful and suspicious. But make your mind easy; before deciding on this grave step I have thought a great deal; I have made careful inquiries; I have taken advice, and it is with head as well as heart thoroughly satisfied that I give my hand to Mr. Philips."

"In that case," said the Doctor, exasperated by this information, "you are sure that Mr. Philips is not marrying you for your money?"

"He is as rich as I," said the young woman, coldly, cut to the quick this time.

"In that case there is nothing more to say," and, seizing his hat, the Doctor made for the door without Mrs. Foster making any effort to detain him.

* * * * * *

Mr. Philips was absent for a few days; he had gone to his native town to put certain family affairs in order before his marriage, and every day a bouquet of flowers and a loving note took his place with his fiancée, to whom he had always shown the greatest devotion.

The day after her interview with Dr. Fielding, Mrs. Foster was more than ever anxious for the accustomed letter. Although she did not doubt her beloved—for this second marriage was for her a dream of love—she yet felt a strong desire that he should speak for himself in the words of love after such accusations, and her hand trembled as she opened her letter. What was her astonishment to read the following lines:

"My Dear Uncle: I shall soon have the milk from the cocoanut; in a few days I am to marry an enormously rich widow, who is wild about me. Her name is Mrs. Foster, and she lives at X——. She has no children, no family, a trifle passée, thirty-five years old, but still quite presentable, and she has as many hundreds of thousands of dollars more than I as she has the advantage of me in years. This will tell you that she is a millionaire as my present income is represented by a zero. She does not know this. I know she has made inquiries about me, but she must have gone to those who knew me when I had my neat little fortune unimpaired by extravagance and speculation. As we have never spoken of money it has been easy for me to leave her in this happy state of delusion. Until now I have cut a very good figure, but I have reached my limit, and knowing your goodness of heart, I write to ask you to lend me a few hundred dollars, which will be returned to you with pleasure by a millionaire in a month's time."

Mrs. Foster read no farther; she had fainted.

That same day Mr. Philips, the uncle of the writer of that letter was astounded to receive a note beginning:

"My adorable and adored darling: The time seems so long to me away from you, the only joy of a life that is now all yours," etc.

The unfortunate young man had written both letters at the same time and had placed them in the wrong envelopes.

Mrs. Foster will never marry again.

Do not fail to read our offer on Front Inside Cover page.

Fur Scarfs given away.

118 119 120

DRESSY AFTERNOON GOWNS.

(*Described on page 7.*)

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RECEPTION GOWNS.

(*Described on page 10.*)

DRESSY AFTERNOON GOWNS.

(*Illustrated on page 6.*)

No. 118. Tan cloth gown; seamless bodice corded diagonally; new turnover high collar; fitted, corded sleeve. Skirt corded around front and hips; triple box-plait in back.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

No. 119. Visiting toilette of figured taffetas; bodice with tucked yoke, groups of plaits and reers in front, vertical plaits in back. Skirt plaited on one side; three box-plaits in back.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

No. 120. Toilette de cérémonie; bodice of renaissance lace in jacket effect over tucked tan satin; skirt of tan satin plaited at sides, with single box-plait in back and band of lace around bottom.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

GOWNS FOR VISITING.

(*Illustrated on page 10.*)

No. 121. Dressy costume of accordion-plaited taffetas; bolero showing lace vest and draped girdle; novelty sleeve; skirt with yoke effect.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

(*Continued on page 10.*)

STYLISH STREET DRESSES.

(Described on page 10.)

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

(*Described on page 10.*)

122

GOWNS FOR VISITING.
(Described on page 7.)

No. 122. Reception or visiting dress of taffetas; lace bolero effect and sleeve trimming; skirt plaited around hips, bands of lace and velvet around bottom.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

STYLISH STREET DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

No. 123. Handsome gown of dark green cloth; bodice with collar and square yoke effect of lace, displaying chemisette and vest of dark green panne; new style sleeve. Skirt with open-front tunic having box-plaited graduated flounce beneath.

The patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

No. 124. Exquisite gown of biscuit cloth; bodice in jacket and plastron effect over black and white satin; elbow sleeve of cloth, lower part of black and white; edges soutaché; very novel collar. Plain skirt, gathered at sides and back; soutaché at lower edge.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 9.)

No. 125. Toilette de Promenade; waist of tucked glacé taffetas open on left side to display inset piece of velvet; edges lace trimmed; plain skirt full over hips and in the back; band of velvet, lace and bow knots.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

No. 126. Dressy visiting gown; yoke and sleeves of horizontally corded glacé taffetas, bertha of flat application of lace; lower portion of bodice corded vertically; skirt with corded, shaped yoke moulding the hips, lower portion gathered and attached beneath flat lace band.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

RECEPTION GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 7.)

No. 127. Reception gown of figured taffetas; lace yoke and plastron; tucked novelty sleeve; ribbon trimming.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

No. 128. Reception gown. Model by Beers, at Paris Exposition. Mousseline de soie with bands of black velvet and white taffetas; incrustations of lace; rich passementerie ornaments on waist.

PROMENADE GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 11.)

No. 129. Handsome combination of figured and plain taffetas. Corsage with shirred chemisette and dart gores, central plastron and pointed girdle; fancy sleeve, plain above elbow. Plain gathered skirt.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

No. 130. Biscuit cloth costume, bodice with epaulettes, tucked yoke and side closing, all braided; fancy tucked sleeve. Skirt with side closing, soutaché and gathered back.

Patterns of this waist and skirt cost twenty cents each.

CLOTH OR FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Illust. on page 12.)

No. 131. Ladies' flannel military waist of khaki, with new standing, turnover collar, breast pockets; very new and ornamental sleeve, decoration of buttons; back with group of vertical plaits in centre.

The pattern of this waist costs twenty cents.

No. 132. Very new and stylish waist of dark blue flannel;

129 130

PROMENADE GOWNS.

(*Described on page 10.*)

l'Aiglon collar of white cloth, embroidered in red and gold; tabs of white cloth with gilt buttons; vest of red strapped with white cloth, graceful bishop sleeve, finished with embroidered cuff; back with three box plaits.

The pattern of this waist costs twenty cents.

No. 133. Fancy bodice of bright red flannel, trimmed with narrow black soutache; vest of tucked golf-green taffetas; new turnover high collar; bishop sleeve; back with small yoke above three box plaits.

The pattern of this waist costs twenty cents.

FANCY SILK WAISTS.

(*Illustrated on page 13.*)

No. 134. Ladies' waist of striped taffetas, closing on one side; small pointed yoke back and front of tucked silk outlined by plain band; high, turnover collar; close sleeve with fancy double cuff.

The pattern of this waist costs twenty cents.

No. 135. Dressy waist of Nile green mousseline; bolero of dark green velvet with border of silver embroidered passementerie; novelty sleeve, with puff at shoulder and above cuff.

The pattern of this waist costs twenty cents.

No. 136. Dressy taffetas bodice; square tucked yoke outlined with application of lace; side plastron of same; ribbon trimming; very ornamental sleeve with solid, tucked upper portion.

The pattern of this waist costs twenty cents.

LADIES' TEA GOWNS.

(*Illustrated on page 14.*)

No. 137. Ladies' Empire tea gown of pale blue India silk; bolero of lace with scarf of black mousseline de soie; lace elbow sleeve, with bishop effect below it.

The pattern of this gown costs forty cents.

No. 138. Princess tea gown of old rose cashmere; loose front of India silk, collar and edging of lace; fancy, lace trimmed sleeve, loose below the elbow.

The pattern of this gown costs forty cents.

FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

IN these days it is the ladies who monopolize all the most beautiful fabrics and delicate tints for their own special use, and the men (poor things!) have to content themselves with the broadcloths and sober colors which custom has decided they shall wear.

But in what we often call the "good old times" (though perhaps it is the haze of antiquity which makes them appear better than they really were), "fashions for gentlemen" were quite as necessary as are now "fashions for ladies," and silks, satins, laces, and jewels were in equal demand by both sexes.

Unkind people have been heard to say that women are extravagant; but, judging from some details which have come down to us, extravagance as an instinct is not restricted to the fairer sex. Gentlemen, when they had the chance, seem to have spared no expense in their attire.

The fame of Sir John Arundel's fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold has survived, though he and they have long since mouldered into dust.

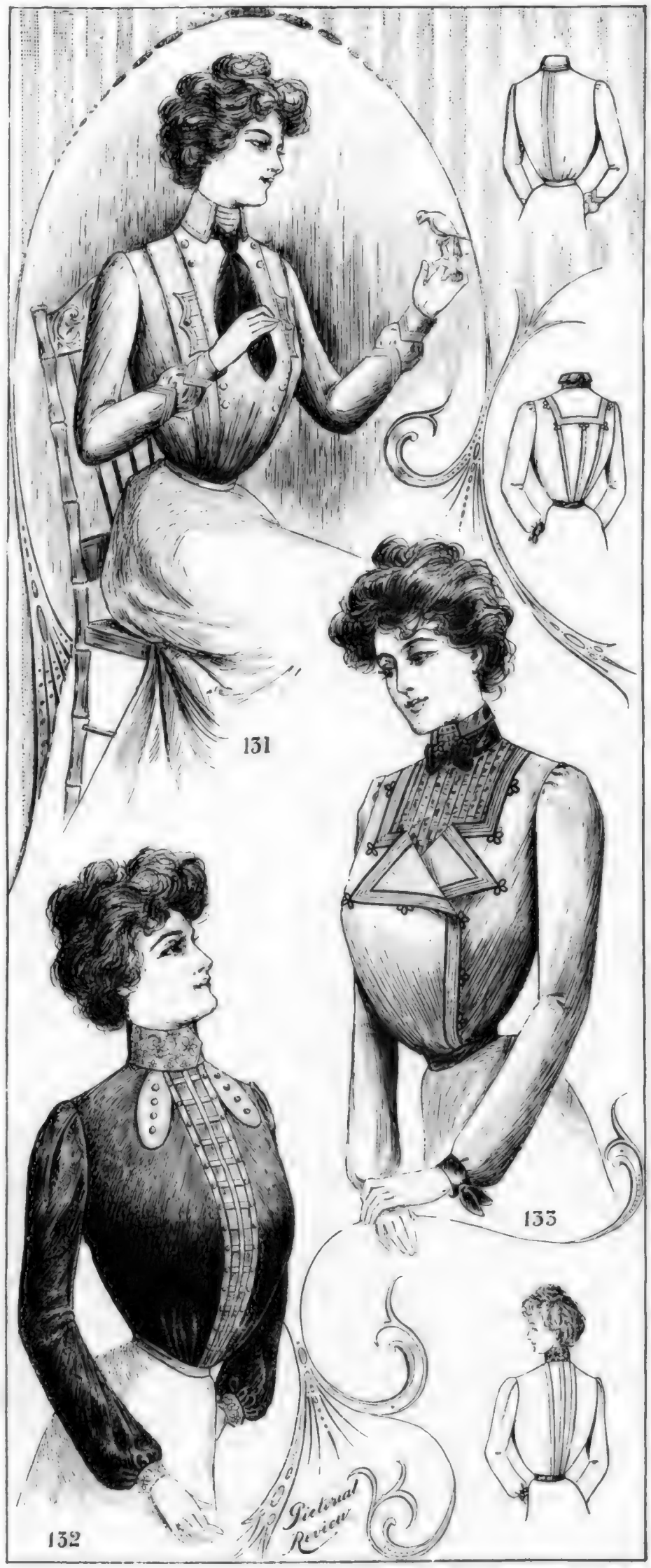
Even Sir Walter Raleigh, whom one would have thought superior to such vanities, possessed a suit of silver armor, the sword and belt of which blazed with rubies, pearls and diamonds, and his Court dress of white satin was adorned with precious stones valued at £6,000!—a sum, we must bear in mind, representing much more in this nineteenth century.

And not alone in jewelry, but in embroideries and laces was extravagance shown. A dandy of the seventeenth century not only wore ruffles and cravat of real point lace, but edged with the same costly and precious material his large top-boots. And as the roads of those days were often knee-deep in mud, it is only natural to suppose these latter garnishings to his foot-gear had to be replaced at not infrequent intervals.

Votaries of fashion have been accused of putting up with any inconvenience, as long as they were dressed à la mode; and the comics have made fun of them accordingly. So it may gratify our lady readers to learn that the greatest piece of folly ever perpetrated in dress was achieved by a man.

For we are told that on one occasion Henry V.—best known to us as Shakespeare's Prince Hal—appeared in "a garment of blue satin wrought full of eyelet-holes, and at every eyelet the needle was left hanging by the silk it was worked with."

No sitting down with this uncomfortable garment on! It beats the "standing costume" of a few years ago hollow.



CLOTH OR FLANNEL WAISTS.

(*Described on page 10.*)

FANCY SILK WAISTS.

(*Described on page 12.*)

Fashions for gentlemen ran into as great extremes as fashions for ladies have ever done, for while one period prescribed long gowns and wide sleeves, the next changed into tight short jackets barely reaching to the waist. And the shoes were so long and pointed that to prevent accidents the points were fastened by chains to the wearer's knee, and yet in the next generation they were made so broad and shapeless that they scarcely covered the toes!

Another singular fashion was wearing particolored clothes so that half the body was, say, red or green, and the other half black or white! The same applied to the leg coverings, and the effect must indeed have been startling.

In regard to head coverings the gentlemen of past generations were fond of variety; hoods of all shapes and sizes found favor in one age; caps like those still worn by Beefeaters in another; and large hats with lace and feathers adorned the heads of the Merry Monarch and his cavaliers, and rivaled in size if they did not exceed the much talked of matinée hat of to-day!

It must have added greatly to the picturesqueness of a gathering, or even to the ordinary street scenes of the time when men thus habitually donned bright-hued and bedizened habiliments, but of course in these more prosaic business days, when hurry and bustle seem the watchwords of life, such garbs as we for instance always associate with Henry VIII. or either of the Stuarts would be impossibilities.

Could we for one moment imagine a man in such attire running for a train? or riding on the top of an omnibus?

So *nolens volens* men must resign themselves to circumstances, let the ladies continue to be the only exponents of fashions, and rest contented with things as they are.

* * *

WOMEN WHO DESERVE THE V. C.

THEIR number is not legion, neither are they mentioned in the numerous notices, articles, and accounts of soldier heroes; but, for all that, there is a community of women in South Africa who number more than one deserving the V.C. among their ranks, a community in the world, but not of it, living simple and even austere lives, and wearing the sombre habit of St. Dominic; women who use their talents and opportunities solely for the good of their fellow-men, and among whose varied occupations, perhaps the chief are teaching and nursing. Their work lies principally among the very poorest of the poor, and grateful indeed are the lowest inhabitants of a crowded city for the loving aid and soothing presence ever ready among them. But it is on the field of battle that they show to greatest advantage. When the nurses receive the order to retire, these brave women remain with the troops, thereby literally carrying their lives in their hands—for once having given the order, no one is responsible for those who elect to remain behind. And this is just what the Dominican Sisters did at the battle of Majuba Hill, and what they did at Ladysmith. And, to the honor of "The Absent-minded Beggar," let it be said that never once have the nuns been offered the very slightest insult. The one and only occasion on which any mishap befell them was in the Zulu war, when seven of their number, nuns and lay sisters, were captured by the natives and carried off into the interior, and have never been heard of since.

One sister, who was at the battle of Majuba Hill, still possesses the veil she wore on that occasion, and it is literally riddled with bullets, while another souvenir is a mutilated ear, the lobe of which was carried away by a bullet.

The great advantage of the presence of the Sisters on the field of battle is that whenever they see a man fall, if possible, they go at once to his assistance, carrying him out of danger, and attending to his wounds, so that by this means brave fellows are saved who would otherwise expire before help could be brought.

Our only wonder is, then, that these brave Sisters do not receive the reward "For Valor."

* * *

Purchasers of patterns are hereby notified that beginning with the next—October—number of PICTORIAL REVIEW, patterns of styles illustrated will cost 50 cents instead of 20 cents as heretofore.

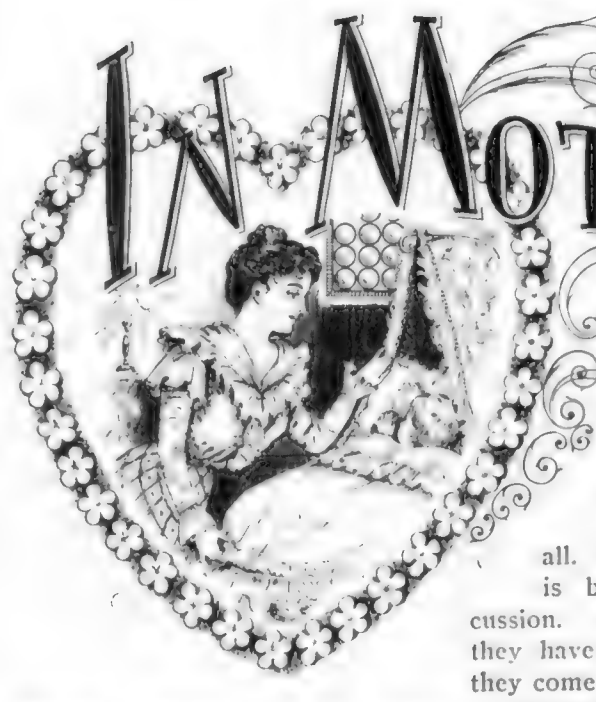
LADIES' TEA GOWNS.

(*Described on page 12.*)

THE LATEST MODELS FROM PARIS.

These two styles show the trend of fashion in millinery for the coming winter. These hats were sketched by our representative in Paris and have been largely copied by buyers from all the leading cities of the world.

IN MOTHERLAND



THE Mothers' Congress held recently at Des Moines proves clearly that the world is awakening to the importance of trained effort in the rearing of children. It is with the children that the future of a country lies, and it is the mothers who have the duty of bringing up the little ones of the next generation so that they will be healthy mentally, morally and physically, valuing honor in public and in private above all else and willing to do their level best to make the standards of life, both public and private, as high as possible.

A very clever writer said: "Educate women and you educate the teachers of men; if the child is father to the man, the woman forms the man in educating the child." Nothing could be truer than this, and it behooves mothers to make a study of their duties just as a lawyer or doctor would make a study of his. These studies are trying. In the first place they are unceasing; they invade even the watches of the night and their continual presence makes them the more arduous. If woman is in a perfect condition physically her mother duties become easier, for it is upon the nerves that the greatest strain comes. These react upon the child, and it will be noticed that the nervous, nagging mother generally has nervous, peevish children. A comparison of experience, such as was made possible by the Mothers' Congress, is of great assistance in helping mothers in many difficult circumstances, and for this reason Mothers' Clubs are being formed everywhere with great success. "As iron sharpeneth iron," so does a comparison of experiences help the members of every profession.

The first thing to look after is the health of a child, and this assured all the rest is easier. One of the fundamental causes of much of the peevishness and after ill-health of children is due to too much and too early brain work. Do not make the child study before it is seven or eight years of age; do not urge it to pick out the letters in the newspaper, to memorize long poems or to perform other feats of mind. Let it develop its reasoning powers first of all. The best way to do this is by observation and discussion. Ask the little ones what they have seen on their walks; if they come with some wonderful tale of what they saw this or that spider or other insect doing do not choke them off with some remark about an over lively imagination. They probably tell you just what they really and actually saw, adding, unconsciously, perhaps, a little story which holds the actions together, a story which to them seems the necessary motive of the doings of the little beasties. If a mother will read up and tell the children all about the ants, the spiders, the worms which crawl in the garden and the butterflies which come from them, the babies will be immensely interested and will be absorbing instruction at a tremendous rate without the smallest danger to the delicate structure of their brains.

CHILD'S FOOT, NATURALLY.

I have often noticed that quite big children, two or three years of age, I mean, after playing about for a very short time, will want to stop or to be carried, and yet they are not tried and seem eager to play again in a few minutes. Considerable observation has convinced me that shoes that are not comfortable are often the cause of this. If the shoe be the least bit short, or narrow, or press ever so little upon the tender foot it will make the child feel quite sick and decidedly unwilling to be upon its feet. This is a point that cannot be too carefully watched, for upon it depends not only the child's comfort, but also its temper. A moment's thought will convince any woman that nothing produces more misery for herself than ill-fitting or ill-made shoes, and if this be so with a woman grown how much more with a child.

In selecting shoes for a child the shape of its foot and ankles should be considered.

All children are more or less bow-legged at birth. A glance at the child as it lies on the lap of mother or nurse will show that the soles of the feet face each other; the shin and thigh bones are curved outward, and often Nature does not do her duty in remedying this condition. It is during the first year that the change should take place, the bones sloping gradually nearer together and becoming much harder, so that by the time the child is ready to walk it has legs able to bear its weight. Often, however, the bones do not harden, and then the child becomes rickety and bow legs result. No one needs telling what a mortification this condition is in after life, and it is the bounden duty of parents to prevent its occurrence. Suitable shoes will invariably do this without the use of splints or frames, or the need of resorting to a dangerous operation.

It is not every broad toed shoe that will be comfortable on every foot. Some little ones are inclined to toe in, and special shoes are made to correct this defect; others again have weak ankles, and there are shoes called corset shoes sold by certain stores which support the little ankles until they acquire the strength which Nature intended that they should have. No words are strong enough for the condemnation of pointed shoes for children. The foot is not intended to be pointed, and the use of these shoes causes corns, bunions and ingrowing toe nails in after life that are all but incurable, and cause untold misery. A child cannot tell exactly what is wrong with any part of its clothing, and this very fact imposes upon the mother the duty of being additionally careful in the selection of the various articles. We give the pictures, reproduced from photographs from life, of a child's natural foot, and of the foot deformed by wearing pointed shoes. Do not seek too much for the beauty of the minute; if this be acquired at the sacrifice of comfort in after life it is not worth the having. Better a clumsy little foot on a child and a perfect one when it is grown, than a pretty effect in infancy at the cost of deformity later in life.

MOTHERLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Frank F.—(1) In most cases, 98° to 100° F. is the tempererature for such a bath. Use from one to two tablespoonfuls of mustard for each gallon of water; make a paste and then stir it in. Leave the child in the bath three minutes.

(2) The mustard for a poultice should be mixed with three or four times as much linseed.

Mrs. M.—Your query is answered in the course of the preceding article.

H. M. C.—(1) Yes, chickenpox will leave scars if the face is scratched. (2) If the massage disagrees with the child it will be manifest by some of the following signs: Drawing of the lips, working of the nostrils, duskiness or pallor of the face, palpitation, or simply signs of fatigue. (3) By all means try to interest the child during the massage; tell it a story or sing to it.

CHILD'S FOOT DEFORMED BY POINTED SHOES.

Mrs. L. B.—The "clumsiness" and "ill temper" of which you complain as a new development in your boy's character may be an indication of the approach of St. Vitus' dance. The slight grimacing and fidgety movements, headaches, sleeplessness and unsteadiness of the hands are almost surely danger signals. I would advise consulting a physician at once.

We desire to call special attention to our children's pages. No other paper offers so many and such varied styles for children.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(*Described on page 18.*)

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 17.)

No. 139. Child's dress of accordion plaited brilliantine; fancy arrangement of ribbon on waist.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 140. Girl's dress of figured challie, deep collar, full vest, shirred sleeve cap, gathered skirt; cut in fancy pattern over shirred ruffle.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 141. Child's dress of white bengaline silk trimmed with bands of lace and box plaits; full yoke and draped bertha.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 142. Misses' dress of light weight tan cloth, with tucked taffetas yoke and lace trimming; circular skirt, with accordion plaited ruffle.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

PRETTY GIRL'S DRESSES.

(Illustrated on this page.)

No. 148. A very pretty sailor suit for a little girl of twelve years or under is here shown, made of tan flannel, trimmed with dark brown braid. The blouse is ornamented by a large sailor collar, with a smaller one above it; the sleeves are of bishop design. The skirt is straight and gathered at the top.

The pattern of this suit costs twenty cents.

No. 149. A charming gown, appropriate for little girls from eight to sixteen years of age. Our model was of dark blue serge; the plain blouse closes on the left side, displaying a small yoke of plaited red silk; Aiglon collar, fancy cuff. The skirt is plaited to a short depth of the hips; the back is arranged in a box plait.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 150. This gown offers a charming suggestion for a school dress. It is made of plaid novelty woolen. The waist has a shaped and corded yoke outlined by a plain bertha; in the centre of the front is a plastron, buttoned on both sides. The skirt is plain.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

FALL COSTUMES FOR GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 19.)

No. 151. This little gown would be just the thing for school wear. It is made of check cheviot with tucked yoke, epaulettes and fancy sleeve of silk; corded skirt.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 152. Plain cloth dress, which may be of simple or rich materials. We show it in plain dark green cloth, with trimmings of red silk and black braid. The sleeves are particularly novel, the waist box plaited, and the skirt side plaited.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 153. This gown is ideal for church or afternoon wear. It is made of rich dark brown velvet, trimmed with an edging of mink. The yoke and vest are of stitched taffetas, the waist arranged surplicewise. Bishop sleeves have a plain cuff, and a Directoire collar finishes the neck.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

COMING STYLES FOR GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

No. 143. Child's dress. Blouse of check cloth, with breastpiece and plastron of plain cloth; plain sailor collar trimmed with bands of black; sleeves with full fancy cuff, below tight upper portion. Skirt of plain cloth, with groups of tucks at sides.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 144. Girl's dress of dark green velvet, trimmed with sable; yoke of Renaissance lace.

PRETTY GIRLS' DRESSES.

(Described on this page.

FALL COSTUMES FOR GIRLS.

(*Described on page 18.*)

over which blouse closes on left side; new sleeve with soft wristlet. Circular skirt with lace panel at one side.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 145. Misses' dress; blouse with soft vest and fancy revers; velvet ribbon trimming; new sleeve with fancy cuff. Skirt with stitched box plaits forming panel effect; spaces between velvet trimmed.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 146. Child's dress of plaid surah; detached box plaits on waist; deep fancy yoke of Renaissance lace edged with mink; fancy sleeve, laced below elbow. Plain, full skirt.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

No. 147. Girl's dress; waist of shirred surah, with plain yoke and lace bertha; bishop sleeve. Skirt with panel front, velvet trimmed.

The pattern of this dress costs twenty cents.

BACHELORS' BLUNDERS.

FOR you do occasionally make mistakes, you know, even the youngest of you! Perhaps you don't think an old woman like me knows much about the matter.

You forget that lookers-on see most of the game, and when one has watched numerous nephews emerge from the chrysalis of the small boy with grubby hands, and a general scorn for girls, into the gorgeous butterfly, with somewhat florid tastes, one begins to understand the genus bachelor a little.

But there are theories about certain types of girls that I have seen many of you poor bachelors prove to your cost to be the stupidest of fallacies.

Take, for instance, the early-morning girl. One meets her everywhere. In fiction she is the early bird, and reaps her reward in a morning walk with the only eligible bachelor of the party. I have met her over and over again, in spotless morning gown, tripping blithely through the pages of a manual of advice to young men. How often have I watched her presiding—always in a gown of immaculate neatness—at the perfectly-appointed breakfast table, enlivening the meal with her improving conversation! My experience is that the average man doesn't want to be talked to at breakfast—he prefers his newspaper. But let that pass. I have no wish to disparage the early morning girl; she is a nice girl, as a rule, with a sound digestion, but, sometimes, very little else.

I once knew a rather nice youth, who fell in love in quite the most commonplace way with a very nice girl, and would have married her, and been happy ever after, had it not been for the early morning girl.

She it was who managed to interrupt that little conversation between the lovers in the conservatory, and afterwards dropped the few clever hints that resulted in a sleepless night for the nice girl, and made her scrupulously anxious to avoid seeming to desire the renewal of the tête-à-tête next day. The early morning girl was handicapped by no such scruples, and—well, in the end she married him, and she certainly presides at his well-appointed breakfast table, and has an excellent appetite, if not much heart. Sometimes—but that is in the evening over a solitary pipe—he sees another face, with tender, thoughtful eyes, framed in the blue wreaths of curling smoke. He watches it grow fainter and fainter, and as he lays down his empty pipe, he gives a sigh for what?—an irretrievable bachelor blunder, perhaps.

M. C.

COMING STYLES FOR GIRLS.

(*Described on pages 18 and 19.*)

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

CONDUCTED BY FELISE.

A NEW ETON.

OUR model shows an extremely elegant and novel Eton. It can be made in cloth, silk, satin, or other fabric to match a skirt. The sleeve is extremely new, stopping a little above the wrist and allowing an under sleeve to come below it in a small puff. If desired this soft cuff may be part of the sleeve of a waist worn under the Eton.

The pattern is in five parts, each of which must be cut double. There is a dart from bust to shoulder and a Directoire collar; by using a stiff facing the edges of the Eton can be made to stay quite straight. The accompanying diagrams show how to lay the pattern on the material, the lines A C in all cases representing the straight thread running lengthwise of the goods.

Fig. 1. The Front.—Draw a rectangle A B C D 32½ centimetres (12¾ inches) wide and 53 centimetres (20¾ inches) high. At a point 12 centimetres (4¾ inches) from A towards B place the point E; 6½ centimetres (2¾ inches) from A towards C place a point; carry this into the rectangle 1 centimetre (½ inch) and mark F. Join E and F by a concave line, curving to the right 4½ centimetres (1¾ inches); 14 centimetres (5½ inches) from A towards B place a point; lower it 1 centimetre (½ inch) and mark G; join E and G by a straight line; 25½ centimetres (10 inches) from A towards C place a point; carry this 14 centimetres (5½ inches) into the rectangle and mark H; join G and H by a straight line; 22 centimetres (8⅝ inches) from A towards B place a point; lower it 2½ centimetres (⅞ inches) and mark I; join H and I by a straight line; 10 centimetres (3⅞ inches) from B towards D mark a point; carry it 1½ centimetres (¾ inch) into the rectangle and mark J; join I and J by a straight line; 30 centimetres (11¾ inches) from B towards D place K; join J and K by a concave line, curving 6 centimetres (2¼ inches) to the left of the perpendicular; 29 centimetres (11⅜ inches) from A towards C place L; 1½ centimetres (¾ inch) from C towards D place M; join F and M by a convex line touching L; 8 centimetres (3⅛ inches) from C towards D place a point; raise it 3½ centimetres (1⅜ inches) and place N. Join M and N by a straight line; 10½ centimetres (4 inches) from C towards D place a point; raise this 2 centimetres (¾ inch) and place O; join N and O by a straight line; 10 centimetres (3⅞ inches) from D towards C mark a point; raise it 4 centimetres (1½ inches) and place P; join O and P by a straight line and K and P by a straight line.

Fig 2. The Back.—Draw a rectangle A B C D 40 centimetres (15¾ inches) high and 21 centimetres (8¼ inches) wide; 5 centimetres (2 inches) from A towards B place the point E; 1 centimetre (½ inch) from A towards C place the point F; join E and F by a slightly concave line; 6½ centimetres (2¾ inches) from B towards D place a point; carry it into the rectangle 5 centimetres (2 inches) and mark G; join E and G by a straight line; 19½ centimetres (7⅝ inches) from B towards D place H; join G and H by a concave line, curving 1½ centimetres (½ inch) to the left of the perpendicular; 2½ centimetres (¾ inch) from C towards A place I; 6 centimetres (2¼ inches) from D towards C place J; join I and J by a straight line and H and J by a straight line.

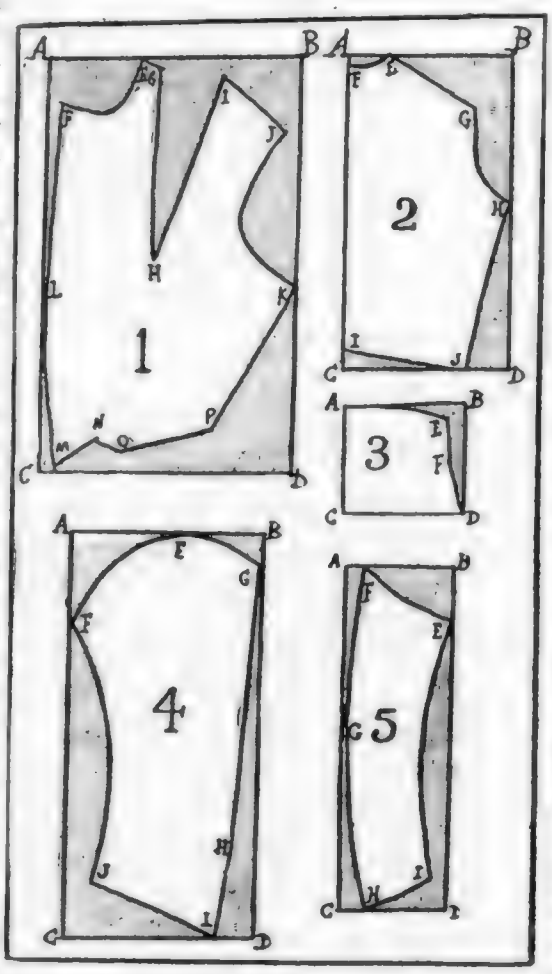


Fig. 3. Collar.—Draw a rectangle A B C D 15½ centimetres (6 inches) wide and 14 centimetres (5½ inches) high; 2 centimetres (¾ inch) from B towards A place a point; carry this 1 centimetre (⅜ inch) into the rectangle and mark E; join A and E by a slightly convex line; 7 centimetres (2¾ inches) from B towards D mark a point; carry this inward 1½ centimetres (½ inch) and mark F; join E and F by a straight line and F and D by a straight line.

The line A E is the bottom of the collar.

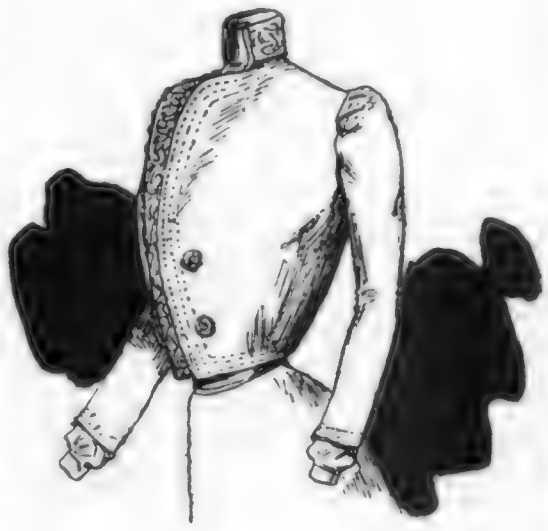
Fig. 4. Upper Sleeve Portion.—Draw a rectangle A B C D 52½ centimetres (20⅝ inches) high and 24 centimetres (9⅜ inches) wide; 13 centimetres (5 inches) from A towards B place E; 12 centimetres (4¾ inches) from A towards C place F; 4 centimetres (1½ inches) from B towards D place G; join F and G by a convex line passing through E; 40 centimetres (15¾ inches) from B towards D place a point; carry this into the rectangle 2½ centimetres (1 inch) and mark H; join G and H by a straight line; 7 centimetres (2¾ inches) from C towards A place a point; carry it into the rectangle 3 centimetres (1⅛ inches) and mark J; join I and J by a straight line, F and J by a concave line, curving 3 centimetres (1⅛ inches) to the right of the perpendicular.

Fig 5. Under Sleeve Portion.—Draw a rectangle A B C D 44½ centimetres (17¼ inches) high and 14 centimetres (5½ inches) wide; 7½ centimetres (3 inches) from B towards D place E; 1½ centimetres (½ inch) from A towards B place F; join E and F by a slightly concave line; 30 centimetres (11¾ inches) from A towards C place G; 3 centimetres (1⅛ inches) from C towards D place H; join F and H by a convex line passing through G; 4 centimetres (1½ inches) from D to B place a point; carry this 1½ centimetres (⅝ inch) into the rectangle and mark I; join H and I by a straight line and E and I by a concave line, curving 2½ centimetres (1 inch) to the left of the perpendicular.

By following these directions any woman can make herself a stylish Eton, up to date in every particular. The collar is called the Aiglon model, and was introduced in the play of that name by Mme. Sara Bernhardt as l'Aiglon, as Napoleon's son, the poor little Duke of Reichstadt, was called. The collar turns over and can be made very effective by being faced with white or light, contrasting cloth, and braided, beaded or embroidered.

The fronts, also, should be faced with whatever material is used for the collar and treated in the same manner, so that as they open or are turned back the inner work is plainly visible.

The sleeve shows another novelty. It is known by many names, but remains the same under all. There are two ways of obtaining the effect



shown: one is to add the soft portion to the Eton sleeve: the other is to let the soft sleeve belong to the blouse or shirt waist worn with the Eton. This last is the more practical method, as it permits the wearer to remove the jacket at will.

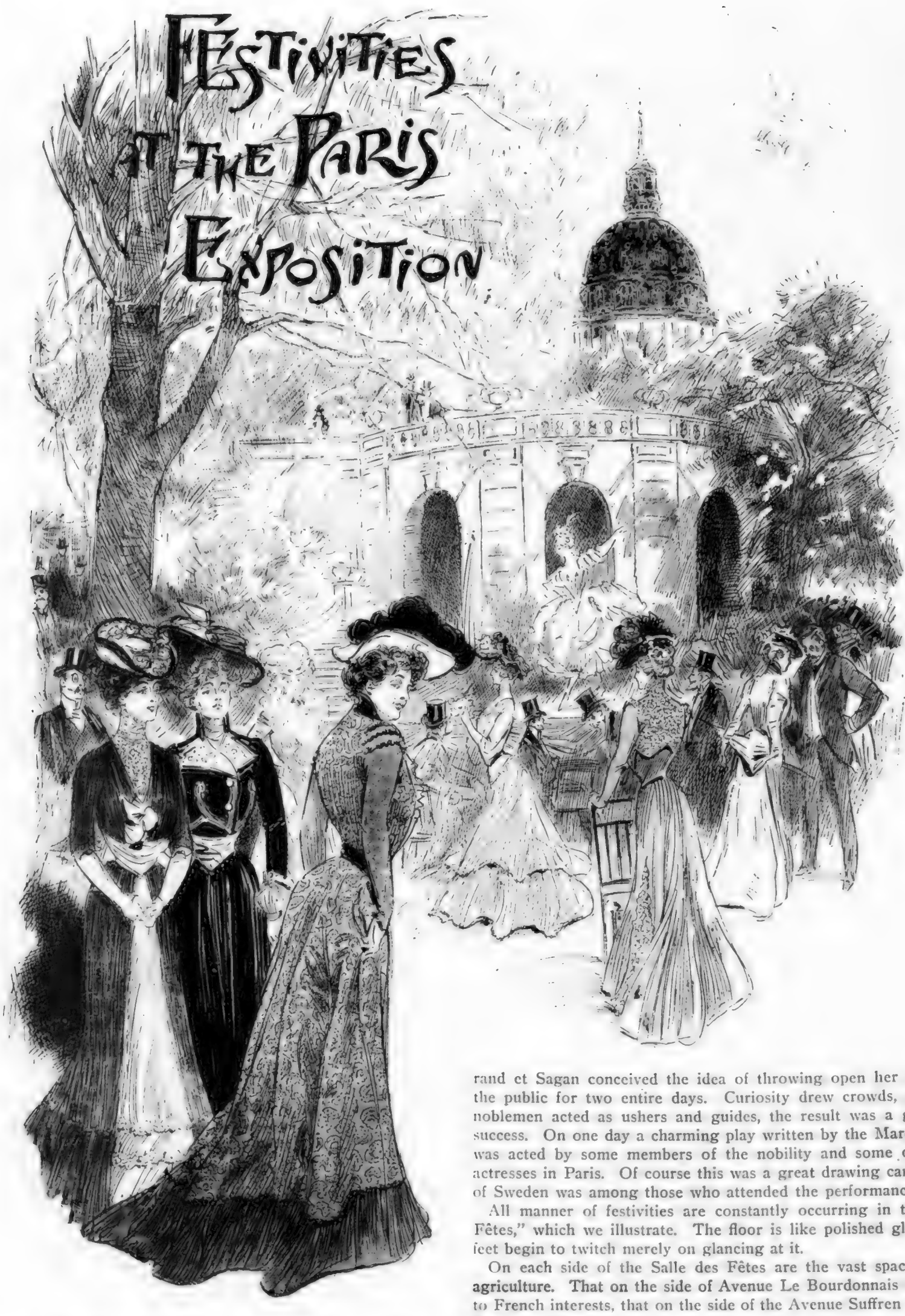
The amateur dressmaker has to guard against the temptation to save material at the cost of cut. The straight of the goods absolutely must run as directed if the garment is to fit. Much pressing is another troublesome operation, too often shirked in home work. Every seam and edge should be pressed absolutely flat, and above all sleeves. For these a board made especially for the purpose is a necessity.

Too much care cannot be given the facings and the adjustment of the collar. These often ruin an entire garment.

As a final hint we would warn against pressing satin. It will ruin the lustre.

If you wish to be up to date in dress
Subscribe for
PICTORIAL REVIEW.

FESTIVITIES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION



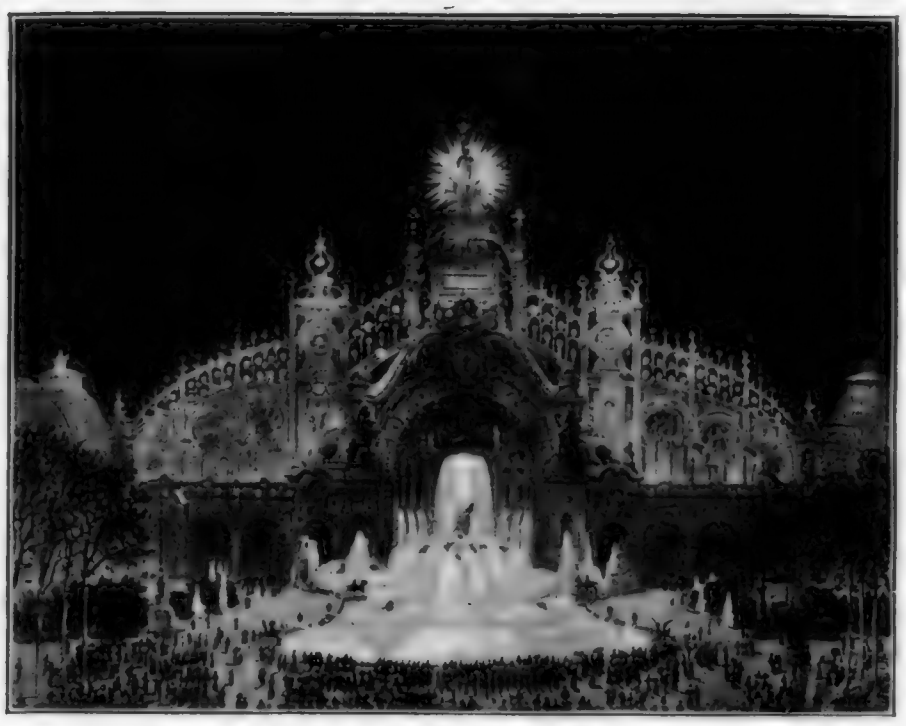
ALTHOUGH American papers are chronicling that all Paris is out of Paris, the saying must be taken with a grain of salt. The ladies of the French noblesse have always been noted for their charity to the poor, and some of the most prominent have taken advantage of the presence of a spending public in Paris to enlist their sympathies in behalf of worthy charities.

One of these is an association called "The Friends of Childhood," which has also a dependent organization in behalf of consumptives. The president of this association is the Duchess of Talleyrand and Sagan and the Countess Aimery de la Rochefoucauld. The Duchesse de Talleyrand et Sagan conceived the idea of throwing open her own house to the public for two entire days. Curiosity drew crowds, and as young noblemen acted as ushers and guides, the result was a great financial success. On one day a charming play written by the Marquis de Massa was acted by some members of the nobility and some of the leading actresses in Paris. Of course this was a great drawing card. The King of Sweden was among those who attended the performance.

All manner of festivities are constantly occurring in the "Salle des Fêtes," which we illustrate. The floor is like polished glass, and one's feet begin to twitch merely on glancing at it.

On each side of the Salle des Fêtes are the vast spaces devoted to agriculture. That on the side of Avenue Le Bourdonnais being devoted to French interests, that on the side of the Avenue Suffren to the various foreign sections.

The most important and at the same time the most striking features of the Champ de Mars are the Palais d'Electricité and the gigantic water works before it. Both are models of modern ingenuity. In the cellar of the building the motors of the enormous electric power of the entire Exposition are housed. It is difficult to find words of description so new and colossal are these two magnificent structures. Iron and glass alone were used in their construction. In the centre of the waterfall on some rocks a group has been placed representing Humanity conducting Progress towards the Future, below two figures of the furies personifying Routine, the central cartouche of the Palais d'Electricité



ELECTRICAL PALACE.

SALLE DES FETES.

has emblazoned on it the number 1900 in electric lights of gigantic size, and on the top of the building appears the statue of Electricity. The French love all things bright and beautiful, and they have given us something very like a miracle in the illumination of this most wonderful palace. The architects of these daring conceptions are M. Eugène Hénard, Palais d'Electricité, and M. Paulin, architect of the water-works, both graduates of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Persian imagery alone could adequately describe the wonders of these palaces of Water and Light with their wealth of translucent color. It is not hard to imagine that as Parisians claim mortal eyes have not gazed yet on anything nearly approaching their equal. All that is powerful and grand, awe-inspiring and beautiful in electricity is here apotheosized.

Behind the Palais d'Electricité and the Chateau d'Eau and in the centre of what was once the Gallerie des Machines the great Salle des Fêtes is situated. Up to the present the circuses of Spain hold the record for the number of those seated in one enclosure, which is 12,000; but Paris, of course, must outdo this in her Exposition, and the Salle des Fêtes is built to hold 15,000 spectators. It is round, beautifully decorated, and the dome is a masterpiece. One million five hundred kilometres of iron have been used in the construction of this vast Salle.

Of the palaces of the Champ de Mars the most attractive and beautiful, perhaps, is that which houses Civil Engineering; a majestic arched entrance forms the middle of the building, to the left and right of which are long colonnades, finished on either end by two great pavilions. A wonderful frieze by M. Allar runs the entire length of the colonnade and represents every known method of transportation, from the chariot of earliest history to the most modern of automobiles. Then there are other friezes, cartouches, wonderful fresco paintings, sculpture and decorations; nor is it too much to say that a view of this beautiful palace alone merits a visit to Paris. It is the work of M. Jacques Hermant, a pupil of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, known in America as the architect of the French section of the Chicago Exposition. This Palace of Civil Engineering is indeed a worthy monument to the distinguished Frenchman's genius, and Americans who remember his work in Chicago will doubtless be delighted by this latest proof of his power.

The Champ de Mars certainly presents a wonderful spectacle by daylight, but it is only at night, with the great Palais d'Electricité lit up and the many-hued colors of the waters playing in its fountains that visitors realize all its beauties. If the Champs Elysées looks its best in daytime, the Champ de Mars looks its best at night.

Another striking feature of the Champ de Mars is the Luminous Palace, the work of M. Pousin. It has been described as "an opium dream," and it certainly is as Oriental as a vision of Tom Moore's. M. Pousin is a painter who has devoted himself to the study of stained glass. He finds in glass his whole delight and ambition, as he says himself glass is more transparent than air, more opaque than metal, and one has every *nuance* of color, softness, subtlety, depth, solidity at command. It can be milky opaline, iridescent, black as night or metallic, and all forms are possible to it. M. Pousin is an enthusiast; he has raised the Palais Lumineux on some rocks in the middle of the lake near the Tour Eiffel. Steps lead to a vast hall, luxuriously furnished with draperies, portieres, divans, rugs; the dome is decorated with rubies and gilding; a lantern hangs from the centre and a globe on which rests the statue of Electyone, daughter of the sun, turns continually in space without apparent support. The entire furniture, with the walls, dome, floors, decorations, is made of glass, fashioned in the most wonderful colors. The fringe of the curtains is made of ropes of pearls, and altogether, whether under the sun's rays or those of the electric light, the effect of all this glass is most dazzling. M. Pousin has managed to imitate with astonishing success all the most beautiful known gems; the Palais Lumineux, therefore, realizes the dreams of our childhood as to fairyland. Birds and flowers, all in glass, flourish in this palace and make illusion more complete, and as to the outside decorations, it seems impossible to realize that it could ever have been fashioned of the same material. M. Pousin has actually succeeded in getting the most exact representation of brocaded tissues and the portieres hang with all the softness and grace of silk and with all its subtleness. Luckily for M. Pousin, we live in an age when witchcraft is pooh-poohed and laughed at, otherwise it would go hard with his skin, for he has certainly achieved a wizard's dream.

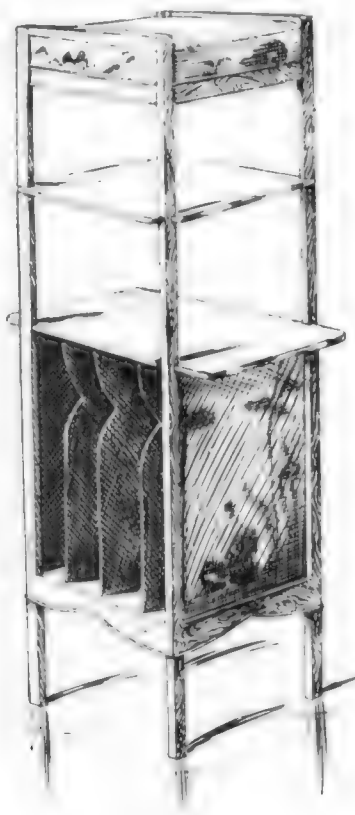
PICTORIAL REVIEW for October will contain exact reproductions, from photographs taken on the spot, of 48 costumes shown by the leading dressmakers of Paris. Worth, Paquin, Doucet, and others will be represented.

Send in your subscription at once, as this ***number alone is worth the price asked for the entire year—One Dollar.***

THE HOUSEWIFE

THE handy woman as well as the handy man is sure to be tempted to copy some of the many dainty articles that add so much to the appearance of a room, but which are far too expensive for the majority of purses. For such as are willing to try we illustrate three charming and necessary articles which are among the most decorative and also, alas! the most costly of household goods.

Perhaps the simplest of these is the screen. It requires above all care and neatness in handling it. The frame should be stoutly fastened together with small French nails, and if the filling is to be flat, as we show it, cross-pieces can strengthen it. A pretty cretonne or silk makes the nicest covering, and unless a very light quality be used no backing will be required. At the upper end of each panel is a looking-glass, and this will have to be set by a man who knows his business, but as a substitute some dainty colored sketch may be used, or a full piece of fine lace.



MUSIC CABINET.

The music cabinet is another article which is sufficiently simple of construction. The boards used should be extremely light and smooth; emery paper will rub them to a nice finish. The posts must be solid and can be cut sloping if the worker be handy enough. At the sides and front, wherever a plain, broad surface is exposed, a water or oil sketch may be made or a panel of silk or cretonne pasted on. The frame can be stained any shade desired or enamelled in white or some delicate color. As to the use of the cabinet, it is best to lay sheet music in piles on the shelves and to stand music books or bound volumes in the compartments at the bottom. In making the stand grace should not be obtained at the sacrifice of strength.

The sideboard illustrated is more of an undertaking, but as shelves can be put inside, bracing will be easy. The hinges, handles and corner ornaments can be bought at any hardware store and cost little.

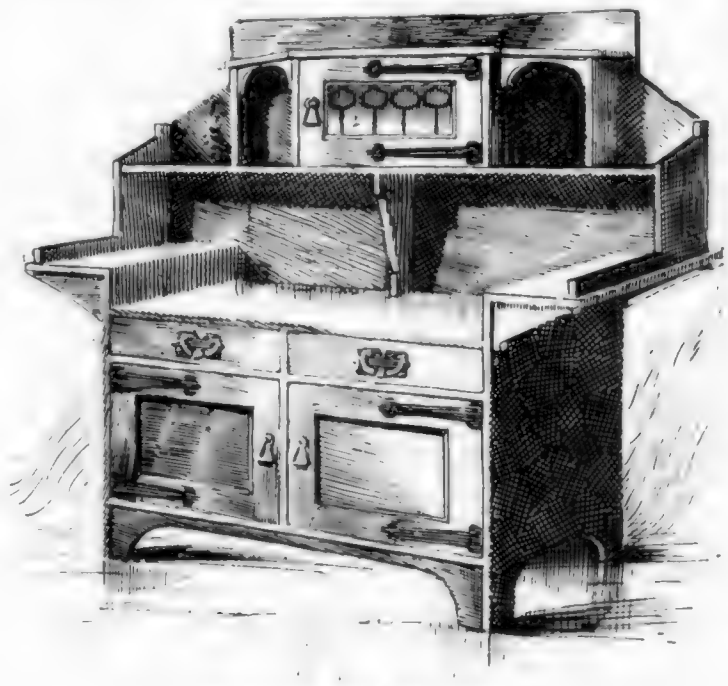
CARE OF SILVERWARE.

Silver is most attractive to the eye, but very often more a delight to the owner than to the cleaner thereof. Much of the silverware which is purely ornamental, such as windmills and wheelbarrows, etc., is not calculated to stand any rough handling, and is often damaged by suffering a fall, or thrown out of order by carelessness or even too zealous cleaning. The best way to clean such objects as are usually found on a silver table is to wash them in a basin with jeweller's soap and warm water, using a nailbrush with some hair on it, not stiff and unyielding fibres, to remove any solid dirt which may have accumulated anywhere. Another good plan is to use warm water, to which ammonia has been added, till the water smells fairly strongly of this useful alkali. The best and cheapest ammonia to use is that known as Liquor Fortis 880, and the only precaution necessary in using it is to hold the bottle as far away as possible from one's person when opening it, and when opening the bottle for the first time to hold the latter outside a window. There is nothing quite so good as ammonia on a wet sponge for removing the dark tarnish which is so soon deposited by the sulphur in the air of our large towns on silver, or on almost any metal surfaces—plain household ammonia is one of the handiest and most satisfactory forms of this cleansing medium. Lemon juice, again, is a very efficient cleanser of filagree work, but the objects cleansed with this, or with ammonia for that matter, must be rinsed with clean water and properly dried.

Silver powders, even when not mercurial, are best left alone where silver bric-a-brac is concerned. Nothing looks more unsightly than corners with remains of plate powder accumulating, and forming excellent traps for dust of all kinds. Moreover, the amount of brushing and rubbing incidental to the use of plate powder is bound to have its effect on the metal in time. Another cleansing agent is hyposulphite of soda, the salt so much used in photography for fixing negatives. (It is not to be used indiscriminately by everybody, and it must not be too strong.) After its use the silver must be well rinsed and rubbed up with a soft leather or piece of velveteen. Jewellers' rouge is often used to clean silverware. It is open to the same objections as silver powders in general, but its use has one merit. Some of it is sure to stay in work which is much chased or ornamented, and its fire color certainly tones down the crude brightness of the white metal.

AN ARTISTIC SCREEN.

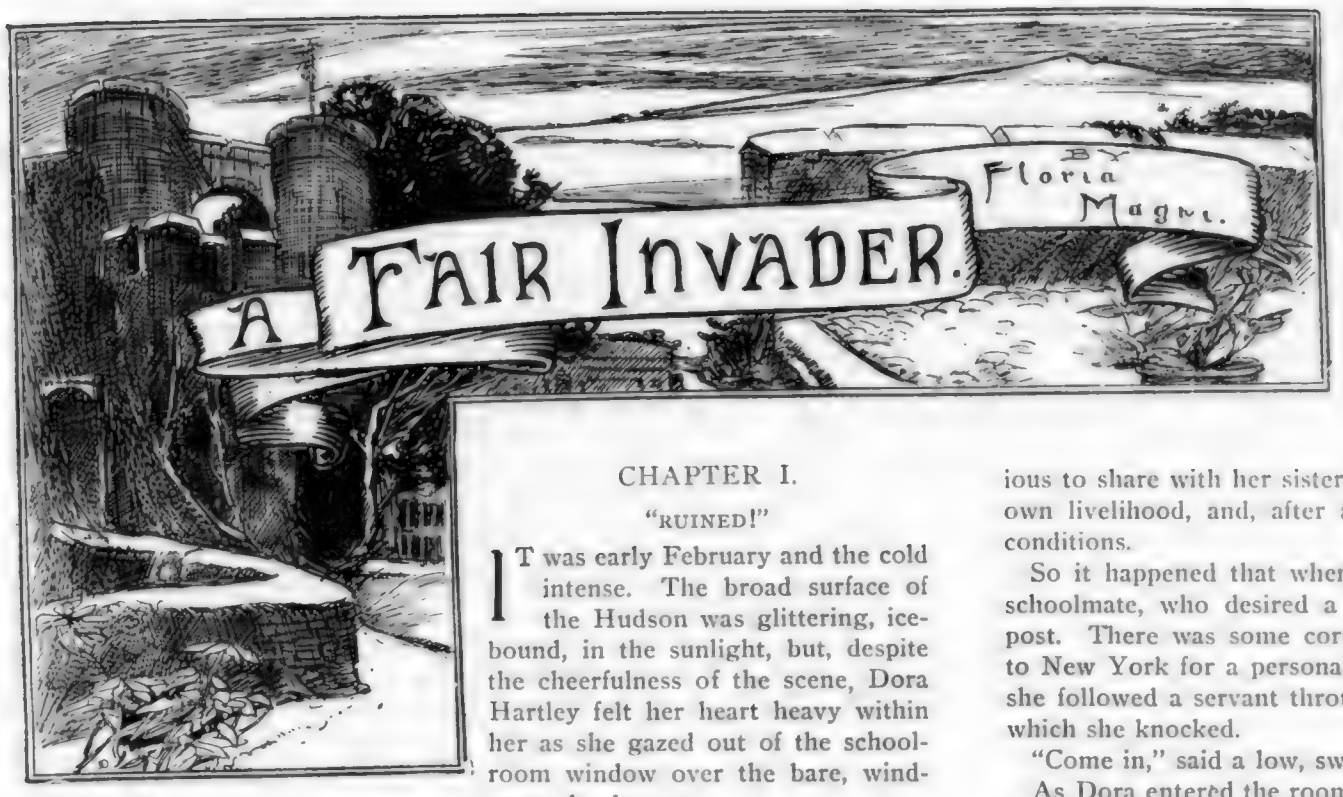
After rinsing in water, silver articles are best dried in warm boxwood dust kept in a drawer or box with a tightly fitting lid. All superfluous water may be removed by swinging the object briskly through the air. If by chance silver articles are broken they must be soldered by an expert, not by any travelling tinker or other workman experienced in the methods of soft soldering metal. Any soft solder containing lead irretrievably ruins the silver, and, by turning black, causes very unsightly marks. Dents or bulges on the sides of cups, or on flat surfaces, can often be removed by continuous rubbing or pressure from the other side; but if the dent has been caused by a sharp instrument or by something pointed falling on, or knocking the silver, careful hammering by a chaser is necessary, followed by burnishing.



AN OLD STYLE SIDEBOARD.

When it is found necessary, as, for instance, in museums, etc., silver may be coated with a collodion or with celluloid varnish, and in this way preserved from contact with the outer air. Opinions differ as to what is the proper hue for silver to have upon it, and tastes vary in this, as in all else, some preferring the crude brilliancy of an absolutely fresh polish, while others prefer the semi-oxidized appearance.

MILDRED MOORE.



CHAPTER I.

"RUINED!"

IT was early February and the cold intense. The broad surface of the Hudson was glittering, ice-bound, in the sunlight, but, despite the cheerfulness of the scene, Dora Hartley felt her heart heavy within her as she gazed out of the school-room window over the bare, wind-swept landscape.

"Dora,"—it was one of her schoolmates who spoke—"Dora, dear, Miss Field has sent for you; she is in the drawing room with your uncle."

"Uncle Jo, dear Uncle Jo," cried Dora; "do you really mean it, Belle?"

"Yes; Dr. Cameron is in the drawing-room," repeated Belle. But Dora did not notice how grave her voice was.

Miss Field was seated in state, in her well-preserved black satin gown, with her black gloves reposing in her lap, looking rather like a mourner. Forgetting her manners, Dora made a rush for her uncle and threw her arms around his neck. Her caress was warmly returned.

"Why, Dora, you are almost a woman now," said Dr. Cameron, patting the brown head.

"I am eighteen, Uncle Jo, and large for my age," answered Dora, imitating a baby voice and manner.

"Eighteen, sweet eighteen, eh, Miss Field?" said the Doctor, still holding Dora's hand.

It was then that the cloud which had vanished at the Doctor's coming returned and oppressed the girl.

"Have you come from home, Uncle Jo, and are they all well?" she asked anxiously, for the Doctor was decidedly nervous.

"Well, no," he returned, rather slowly, "I am sorry to break into your studies, but I came by your sister's express wish to bring you home. Frank—your father, I mean—is not well, and they will be glad of your help, and—bless me, how pale the child looks!"

"You are keeping something from me; he is very ill; he is—is he——" Dora stopped; she could not say the last dread word, but her uncle understood.

"No, no, it is not so bad as that; but—Dora, my child, you must be very brave, for your father is ruined."

"Ruined!" echoed Dora. "Oh, Uncle Jo, does that mean that we will have to leave the Manor, and give up all the things we like and—and work?"

"Work," was the somewhat grim reply, and then he went on in a milder tone. "Things are very bad, Dora, about as bad as they can be—for we must look matters in the face—and your father is very ill, and there is no knowing where the mischief may end; but we must put our shoulders to the domestic wheel and help push it up the hill of difficulty. It is a crisis, and a very painful one, but it will prove what metal you are made of."

Miss Field had left the room and now returned.

"Your things will be packed and sent after you, Dora," she said as she handed the girl her wraps. She buttoned Dora's gloves, smoothed her hair and gave her a motherly kiss. "God bless you, my dear child," she added; "you have worked well and been a credit to the school. I am sorry indeed to part with you."

All the girls were in the hall to say goodby, and, as Dora kissed them, she broke down and was led sobbing away.

An hour by train and Dora stepped into a handsome brougham and was driven to a beautiful house perched high above the shining river, and looking out over it for miles and miles, almost as far as her old school home.

There were no signs of ruin yet. Well trained servants came and went and her sister met her at the door dressed in a clinging fur-trimmed silk that bore the mark of Paris in its every fold and line.

"Dora, dear, dear Dora," she sobbed, as she kissed her sister.

"Father, take me to father," said the girl, and, after a questioning glance at Dr. Cameron, the elder sister obeyed.

As Dr. Cameron entered the invalid's room he realized that Dora had come none too soon. Her father knew and spoke her name, but almost immediately lapsed into unconsciousness, and before another day had passed the two girls were orphans.

When business affairs were examined it was found that all debts could be paid and a few modest thousands remain for the sisters. Lillian the elder was a widow, and had a tiny income of her own, which she was anxious to share with her sister, but Dora begged to be allowed to earn her own livelihood, and, after a struggle, obtained her will, under certain conditions.

So it happened that when Miss Field wrote of a lady, once her own schoolmate, who desired a companion, Dora was eager to obtain the post. There was some correspondence, and then Dora was summoned to New York for a personal interview. Her heart was in her mouth as she followed a servant through the long hallway to a curtained door, at which she knocked.

"Come in," said a low, sweet voice.

As Dora entered the room an odor of flowers, a sweet, invisible breath, as it were, was wafted to her, and then she saw a dazzle of soft, harmonious beauty.

In a deep fauteuil immediately facing her sat an elderly lady in a dainty morning robe of silk and lace. How old? you ask. That I can not tell. She might have been anywhere from fifty to seventy.

The morning light fell softly through the rose color curtains, giving a most delicate bloom to her fair, tinted face, with its coronal of silver hair, and seeming to increase the brilliance of her dark eyes, which shone from beneath her straight, pencilled brows. Who could ever dread age that came in so lovely a guise as this?

She did not rise, but held out a little white hand.

"The fashion of the country, is it not, Mademoiselle; but I have been a Frenchwoman so long that I shall greet you in French fashion also."

She kissed Dora lightly on both cheeks, and began at once to ask about her sister, her journey and herself, quietly studying the girl as she listened.

"You have been highly recommended to me by Miss Field, for whom I have the highest esteem. She tells me that you are of good family and have great strength of character. You will need it in the post you will have to fill."

Dora was somewhat surprised, and her face betrayed it.

"It is best," continued the old lady, "that we should have a perfect understanding from the beginning. You wish to undertake the post of companion to a somewhat captious and disagreeable old——"

Dora began to protest, but was waved to silence with a smile.

"An old woman who has known many of the sorrows and much of the chastisement of life, and who needs to have the evening of her life enlivened for her. And for this service I offer you a home with me and a salary of $600 per annum. Is it not so?"

"Miss Field wrote me this and I am quite content, Madame," said Dora.

"But you think it a poor equivalent for the sweets of liberty which you must surrender, a pitiful return for the expenditure of your youth and talents, a meagre reward for submitting the regulation of your days to the caprices of a tyrannical old woman?"

Dora began to laugh, and at the same time to apologize for daring to be amused.

The Marquise smiled also.

"Oh!" said she, "I am not going to buy from you your right to laugh when you will."

"You see, Madame," said Dora, "I have no choice but to work, and I shall not miss my liberty, for I have never had it—I have always been at school. And as for——" she hesitated.

"Well," said the Marquise, "as for——"

"As for the—'the tyrannical old woman,'—why, Madame, you are beautiful, far more beautiful than Lillian, and it will be like leaving my sister for a sweet, lovely mother—if—if you will let me think of you that way."

The Marquise smiled, tears in her eyes, and held out her hand. Dora took it and laid her cheek against it.

"Poor little girl. I honor you for your confidence, and it will be my own fault if we are not the best of friends."

Then with a sudden change of tone:

"Don't form too high expectations; you will find much to put up with. You are far prettier than I expected, and, I confess, this gives me a little uneasiness."

"I hope, Madame," said Dora, demurely, "that you will not decide against me because I have not the misfortune to be decidedly ugly."

"No; perhaps, after all, it is just as well that your appearance is pleasing. Ugly people are apt to think themselves beautiful, and their efforts to please are sometimes ridiculous."

"I can only say this, Madame," answered Dora; "my disposition is naturally cheerful. I am not romantic, even at eighteen, and do not indulge in dreams. I shall take each day as it comes and try to do my duty honestly, leaving the rest to God. What He sends will be best for me, I do not doubt—better far than aught I could choose. Will you take me as I am?"

"Yes," said the Marquise, smiling, "I will take you as you are—a true, right-minded girl, truth loving and truth telling. And one thing more, this morning's post has brought me disquieting news from France, and I wish to return there at once. Will you come?"

For one moment Dora hesitated, then, as she looked at the sweet, sad face of the Marquise, a wave of trust and love swept over her and she answered simply:

"Yes, Marquise. I will go."

CHAPTER II.

MADAME'S SONS.

For twenty-four hours the Marquise and Dora had been in Paris. They were—or, more truly speaking, Dora was—thoroughly rested, and had even made a little excursion by herself through the beautiful city, getting her first glimpse of it from the top of an omnibus. Her mornings were her own, and she was determined to see all Paris while she could.

As she was mounting the broad stone steps of the house she met two gentlemen descending arm in arm. They drew aside to let her pass and removed their hats with graceful haste. As Dora lifted her eyes she caught a glimpse of one face—fair, pale, preoccupied—which struck her as curiously familiar.

A tap at her door and Angélique, the Marquise's maid, entered. Madame would not need "Miss Dora" till evening, she had had some visitors and was much fatigued.

"Why, isn't it very early for visitors, Angélique?"

"Oh, but these are the sons of Madame la Marquise."

"And have they just left? I must have met them on the stairway."

"Is it possible? But surely, 'Mees' would have known if she had met 'Meestair Steevenn' and Monsieur le Marquis."

Dora smiled. Evidently Angélique thought that the mark of their nobility must be patent enough to impress the most casual observer.

Miss Field had told Dora certain particulars concerning the Marquise. How she had been twice married; her first husband, the son of a wealthy banker of New York, her second the impoverished Marquis de St. Just, who possessed little beyond his name and the old château that bore it. By her marriage with her second husband she had forfeited her right to the ample dower left her by her first, but her eldest son had insisted on restoring it to her when she was again widowed. More than this, he had purchased the chateau and lands of St. Just, giving so good a price for them that the young Marquis, who was destined to win distinction for himself in the army, was fairly provided for.

From that time all should have gone well with the poor Marquise, "But God had ordered otherwise, and has seen fit to send her bitter sorrow through this younger son, who is in no way fit to be the brother of Mr. Stephen Harkins nor the son of so gentle and lovely a creature as the Marquise. There is generally a canker in every household, and in that of the Marquise it is the younger son. He is handsome, intellectual and gifted with peculiarly winning manner, but at heart he is a spendthrift and a libertine."

Dora was thinking over Miss Field's words when Angélique brought her a note from the Marquise begging her to look her sweetest at dinner, as both Mr. Harkins and the Marquis would dine with them. With fluttering heart Dora donned a dainty black crêpe de chine and went down to the drawing-room to find a white flower for her corsage. She fastened it in place, and then found that mantelpiece and tables would be the better for a finishing touch. She went about singing to herself, her high heels pattering over the polished floor, moving a vase, straightening or changing some ornament. Stepping back for a final glance she discovered two bright eyes watching her from the depths of a luxurious arm chair.

Instantly her song ceased, and a tall figure rose up in the firelight and began uttering profuse apologies. Before Dora could reply the sound of the Marquise's wheeled chair was audible, and the Marquis hastened to meet his mother.

"What! you here already, Louis? And Petite! Then you have made each other's acquaintance?"

"Not until this very moment," he answered, "although I have been here fully half an hour."

Upon this the Marquise formally presented her son.

"And now, Louis, I will not have you practice any of your blandishments upon this petite Américaine. She is under my protection, remember, and shall not be annoyed by you."

"Your warning is hardly necessary, mother. Mademoiselle Petite seems invulnerable."

"Mademoiselle's name is Miss Hartley, Louis."

"Yes, but you call her Petite."

"What I do is no precedent for you. Ah! here is Stephen."

The Marquise formally presented her elder son, and Dora felt at once that here was strength. The thin, nervous face, steely eyes and self-contained manner contrasted ill with the easy manner, the soft glance and the careless air of the Marquis.

When dessert was placed on the table and the servants had withdrawn the Marquis looked curiously at Dora and said to his mother:

"Ma mère, I have a story to tell you."

"Well, Louis, we are all attention, or is it a private confidence?"

"Oh, no! This evening, as I sat waiting for you in your salon just before dinner, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a delicious reverie. I was wearied with the fatigue and excitement of the day, and very naturally, as I rested luxuriously in one of your cushioned havens, I mused upon the virtues of cushioned seats in general."

"What had become of your common sense, Louis?" asked his mother, laughing.

"Oh, well, Stephen and I had lunched together, and had drunk deeply to the long continuance of brotherly affection. And so I had a headache, that is all."

"Oh!" said the Marquise, biting her lip.

"I was in a dreamy state of mind, and saw processions of courtly dames, of Flemish peasants, of buxom creatures and delicate beauties, all mingling together in a fantastic dance."

"Ah, bah, my son, what nonsense is all this?"

"Patience, mother dear. It was just as I say, when suddenly, my dream was shattered by the sound of a woman's singing quite close at hand. The song went thus." And the Marquis sang the refrain of Florian's Love Song, which Dora had sung to herself earlier in the evening.

"I almost ceased breathing. The owner of the voice passed quite near me, a soft, flowing sash even touching my hand."

"It was Petite," said the Marquise, clapping her hands. "Ah, Louis, why did you not say so before."

"It was some one entirely unknown to me. Her crinkled bronze hair was in braids on her head, her neck and arms were covered. She wore no sabots, but her heels clicked merrily over the floor and she seemed to like the rustle of her skirts."

Dora listened indignantly to this description of herself, and in despair sent an appealing glance in the direction of Mr. Harkins. She caught his eye, but with a slight contraction of the eyebrows and a disturbed countenance, he turned his head sharply aside.

"I must defend myself," thought Dora. And the Marquis, who had caught and interpreted the glance, thought to himself:

"It is now or never; in another moment she will have a whole broadside ready." So, with eyes twinkling with fun and daring, he continued:

"This adorable apparition struck me at once as combining the two types of my vanished vision—she seemed to be both queen and shepherdess."

"Petite!" exclaimed the Marquise, delightedly; "this time you have not exaggerated a bit, Louis."

But Dora was not prepared to be amused.

"I know nothing of your feelings, Monsieur le Marquis," she said with extreme frigidity, "and it certainly never occurred to me to attribute your graciousness to the *water* you imbibed at luncheon. Moreover, I can not help thinking that it would have been more generous to reserve your irony for some one less defenseless than I."

"Oh, Petite," said the Marquise, soothingly; "you must not be angry with Louis; you must never take him seriously. Come, let us go to the salon."

The evening passed quickly, and Dora was left almost entirely out of the conversation. She went to the piano and played softly whatever came to her mind, the Marquise and her sons the while discussing family matters. When at length Madame retired both her sons left the room with her.

Then Dora went over to the table and, picking up a book, sat down to think over the events of the evening. Now that she had cooled down a little she was sorry to have shown so plainly her vexation at the Marquis's teasing. She was more hurt than she liked to admit, because the Marquise had not promptly checked her son in taking an unwarrantable liberty.

Was this the penalty of earning a living? Must she put up with such want of respect? Was there no alternative but to return to Lillian?

(*To be continued.*)

EXT to the face, the hand is the most characteristic part of the whole anatomy. Putting the science of palmistry aside, it is a fact that those who make a study of human nature are able to draw very complete and minute observations from the hand. Not only do they take the size, shape and general contour of the hand into consideration, but they are able to discern obscure traits of character from the movements of the fingers, the shape of the nails, even the color and consistency of the flesh, and last, although by no means least, the condition in which the hands are kept by the owner.

The shape of a hand is, to a certain extent, congenital—that is, heredity sets its mark upon our hands as upon our faces—and many persons have naturally ill-formed, large and ugly hands, faults which no amount of culture will entirely disguise. I think, however, that it is within everyone's power to so train the hand in grace of movement as to counteract an ugly formation, while well-kept nails and perfect healthiness of skin will go far towards redeeming natural defects.

If this be true of ugly hands, to what a degree of beauty and grace of hands may we not attain if we are the fortunate possessors of well formed ones?

There is a very interesting book called "Character Expressed by the Hand," one paragraph of which I cannot resist the temptation to quote:

"The hand," says the author, "may be studied from several points of view, anatomically as a superb piece of mechanism; æsthetically as an object of charming elegance, beauty and adaptation; philologically (if one may use the term) as the medium of the most expressive language; physiognomically as a wonderfully safe guide to character. In fact, the hand is the dictionary as well as the universal genius of the body, and literally holds within its own grasp the whole character and capabilities of its owner.

Refinement of nature, delicacy of feeling and general culture are all attributes which we may look for in the possessor of well-kept nails. There is no excuse for dirty hands or ragged, neglected nails—not even rough, domestic work. If there be a necessity to do one's own household work, special attention should be given to the hands; rubber gloves should be worn when performing domestic duties, and the hands should be scrupulously cleaned after every task which necessitates soiling them. Even gardening operations will not injure the hands if this rule be scrupulously adhered to, and nail-brush, pumice-stone, good soap and plenty of soft water be brought into frequent requisition.

Want of exercise of the hands is really more detrimental to their appearance than household work. The "idle" hand has a tendency to become bony and yellow in appearance, the skin to become parched and wrinkled, and the joints to appear swollen or knotty. Let us therefore disabuse our minds of the idea that idleness is conducive to beauty of the hand. The pretty "white and rose-pink" combinations of the ideal hand can best be preserved by a moderate amount of daily exercise, whether it be household work, needlework, piano, harp or violin playing, or any other occupation which calls all the muscles into use.

Chronic redness of the hands is frequently due to imperfect circulation, and in such cases systematic exercise of the whole body is required, such as can be obtained by joining physical culture classes. Hands which are attenuated by long illness, or which have become knotted or distorted by rheumatism can be greatly improved by medical massage.

Massage is in all cases good for the hands, especially for those which are no longer young, as it helps to maintain a healthy action of the tissues, and keeps the skin in good condition.

To keep the hands white and the skin soft and velvety nothing is better than very thin oat-meal gruel for washing them. Boil the oatmeal in water for an hour, strain and use the liquid for toilet purposes several times a day. It should be made freshly every day, as it soon becomes sour and unfit for use. The hands should be washed at least three times a day, and at night, the following preparation, persistently rubbed into them, will keep them white and free from freckles and sunburn in summer and cure roughness of the skin in winter: Borate of soda, 2 drachms; glycerine, 4 drachms; lanoline, 1 ounce; eucalyptol, 1 drachm; essence of bitter almonds, 20 minims. Another very useful emollient is composed of: Simple tincture of benzoin, ½ drachm; pure glycerine, ¼ ounce; benzoated lard, 1½ ounces. Melt the lard by aid of a gentle heat, then add the oil; mix the glycerine and tincture and thoroughly incorporate it in the oily solution.

A good lotion for whitening the hands may be made by mixing together: Oxide of zinc, 2 drachms; pine glycerine, 4 drachms; rose-water, 2 ounces. Shake well before using, and apply after drying the hands. This is also a useful remedy for sunburn.

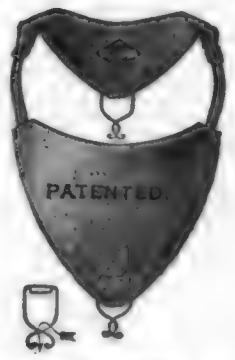
A good soap for keeping the hands white is thus made: Powdered white castile soap, 8 parts; fresh lemon juice, strained, 3 parts; cologne water, 2 parts; patchouli, 1 part. Mix thoroughly, setting the vessel in which the mixture is made in a larger one containing hot water. The addition of a little essence of musk (not too much) improves the odor. Press into molds and let harden. Wrap in paraffined paper and cover with tin foil—or a creamy substance may be made by the addition of a little water and the product put up in collapsible tubes.

Ellen P. Goshen. To keep your hair in curl take the root of althea boiled in water, one-eighth pound to a gallon, and thin to suit, and apply to the hair to keep it in curl, at the seaside or anywhere else. After applying put the hair in the desired position and allow it to dry. If too much shows on the hair, brush it out or off. The curl will remain.

Mary. My experience is that rouge powders raised tiny spots resembling blisters on the cheeks. These are difficult to remove.

GLADYS GREY.

The Victoria Hygienic Safety Belt



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A TRANSFORMATION

A TALE OF LOVE AND GYMNASTICS.

BY HENRY MARSDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"IT'S no use asking any more, Will, I'm not fit to be any man's wife."

"Mona!" said the young man in a shocked voice.

"Oh, you know what I mean, Will. Look at my round shoulders, my thin arms, my hollow cheeks; see how pale I am. And I'm always tired."

"But, Mona, don't you love me?"

"That isn't a fair question, Will," said the girl, a hectic spot beginning to glow on each thin cheek. "I've told you I can't marry you, and I mean it."

"But you can get strong, Mona. Loads of girls start out as you do and become fine women later."

"No, they don't, Will. The women who start out like me are sick and whiny for a year or two and then—go out. Sometimes they leave a baby behind to be sick and whiny too."

The girl was thinking of the mother she had never known.

"No, Will, it won't do. And, Will, you must promise not to talk of it again, or I won't let you come here at all."

Will turned away and began kicking his toes against the soft gravel. After a moment or so he returned to the charge.

"Mona, if I promise not to ask you again for—for a year, will you promise to do something for me in the meantime?"

"Yes, indeed, Will. You know I'd do anything to please you."

"You'll promise without even knowing what it is?"

"I can trust you, Will."

"Thank you for that, Mona," said the young man, holding out his hand. Mona took it with a smile. Will was always impulsive.

"Well, now, I'll tell you, Mona. I believe you're right after all; you would be a bad advertisement for a doctor, and I'm going to make you strong. First of all, I want you to—here I'll write it down so you won't forget:

"I, Mona Lawson, hereby promise to substitute—until further orders—(for this restriction won't be permanent, Mona), a common sense waist in place of the corset which I am now wearing."

"Oh, Will!"

"Mind, you've promised. I also agree that until further orders (further orders are understood all through, Mona, for I shall change from time to time), I will not wear a skirt that does not clear the ground by at least five inches."

"But, Will——"

"Eight would be better, and you've very pretty feet, Mona."

"Will——"

"Also, that, instead of a mess of petticoats (great germ catchers, Mona), I will wear under my skirt only knickerbockers (silk is heavy enough for now, Mona). Furthermore (and finally, for to-day), I will provide myself with a light flannel suit, plain skirt, sailor top and knickers, also a pair of easy shoes without heels, arrayed in which fantastic garb I will do such stunts——"

"Will!"

"Such stunts as my lord and master——"

"Temporarily," inserted Mona.

"May dictate; no, prescribe is more—more professional. How's that?"

"But what are you going to make me do, Will?"

"Didn't you say you trusted me, Mona? Well, I'm going to make you strong, and when you are strong—but I'll keep my promise. Now go and get your wardrobe in order. This is Wednesday; on Monday next work will begin. But you're not to wear yourself out sewing. Get the Brownie to help you. She needs money, and you have no strength to spare. And now"—striking a tragic attitude—"farewell, and if forever——"

"Don't be an idiot, Will. Stop at Miss Brown's on your way home and tell her to bring patterns and cloth and all here. I'm going to help."

"That's a good sign," thought Will. "If science can do it I'll make her strong, and she will be Mrs. William Roberts in another year's time."

(To be continued.)

"It's no use asking any more, Will, I'm not fit to be any man's wife."

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When our friend Alec—some of you are sure to know him—was railing against this world as a vale of tears, his sister Mary put her hand on his mouth and said:

"Hush, Alec, it should rather be called Happy Valley."

On the whole, girls, I agree with Mary. If we can only find out the secret of joy, nothing will ever again seem dismal, and no one will ever again be able to make us wretched.

Some people have no need to inquire after this secret of joy, for they have been sent here with a happy disposition ready-made. They are always in good spirits, and it would be unnatural for them to be anything else. Sometimes, indeed, they push their good spirits to an extreme, like the man who left torches stuffed with fireworks to be burned at his funeral, and who died of laughing at the thought of the confusion which would upset the ceremony.

Most of us, however, are not so preternaturally cheerful, and divine grace must supply the want. Fortunately joy may be cultivated, and only those who are dull and stupid need ever be habitually melancholy.

It is unnecessary to point out that joy does not depend upon wealth or success. If fortune is unkind in one way, she generally makes up for it in another, and when she assigns a humble position she very often compensates for it by giving a joyful heart.

Joy—like love—is a treasure that money cannot buy. There is an old fairy tale in which a man is described as sitting surrounded by the tokens of great wealth—gold dishes, costly carpets, embroidered hangings, beautiful paintings, magnificent statues, carved furniture, and everything else you could imagine—and at the same time knew that in five years everything would turn to dust. You may guess that he was not very happy, and many of the richest people are in similar circumstances. No, joy does not necessarily accompany wealth.

The truest happiness stays close to our firesides. An author of whom Germany is justly proud once went on a journey and was everywhere received with the greatest honors, yet his letters at the time show that his thoughts were full of his happy little home where his wife sat sewing and thinking of him. Every moment of his home life was like a festival, but all the honors and attentions heaped upon him did not give him a single moment of real happiness.

Happiness, girls, lies within ourselves. The poet Burns has put this truth in a stanza which has been often quoted, and which will be none the worse for being quoted again:

"It's no in books, it's no in lear
To make us truly blest—
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

* * *

Dr. Johnson has said much the same thing in plain prose. "The fountain of content," he remarks, "must spring up in the mind, and she who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but her own disposition will waste her life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which she purposes to remove."

Happiness does not even depend on physical health, although this is a largely contributing cause. And it never—no, never—has been known to accompany an unhealthy or guilty mind. What an argument this is in favor of uprightness and purity! Everyone wants to be happy, let everyone then be good.

Care will often come even to the most contented, but it is wonderful how it is sometimes lightened over night. And if there come one of those sorrows which seem to blot out all the joy of life, we have but to bow our heads to the Divine will and know that it must be best for us. Then if we turn to others and do whatever we can for them, the spark of joy will again be kindled and our wounded hearts be soothed.

* * *

If we are to be happy we must not dwell upon the past. What is past is gone; regret will do no good, there remains only to make the future better. And accommodate yourselves to circumstances, make the best of what is, don't worry because things are not different; you know they might be worse.

A good thing for most people would be to join a "Don't Worry" club, even if it have but one member. Don't look for trouble, and don't be afraid. When trials come the strength to bear them will be given us, if we ask it; meantime look on the bright side of things. If you find you are becoming gloomy, look for the cause. Is your conscience clear? And afterwards, are you well? Good health and a clear conscience are the mainsprings of joy, cultivate both and you will have a priceless harvest of happiness.

* * *

One of the first points to impress upon the youthful minds which one has to guide to the heights is to let them fully understand the evilness of evil. The first result of this process will be to make them see its ugliness and naturally after this is once evident to them, a battle with it is almost sure to be followed by a victory over it.

* * *

We hear a great deal of the duties of children towards their parents, and we do not think the matter is in the least exaggerated, but there is another side to this question—the duties of parents towards their children. Children have a right to be "well born and wisely bred and trained," as a speaker at the National Mothers' Congress puts it, and this entails more than feeding and clothing, it includes the sunshine of love, the understanding of the little undeveloped minds, the infusion, without preaching, of high ideas and right principles, the cultivation of all that is best in them; much, indeed, that cannot be written down, but that must be done as the opportunity offers.

* * *

A little friend of ours was the proud possessor of a companion. The mistress is a girl of some twelve summers and the companion is another little girl of the same age or thereabouts. It was wonderful to see the two together; the one a high-born, dainty, fairy-like little creature, the other a real child of the sod. The little lady mistress was inclined to be decidedly "bossy." This would do no harm if it were done in a kindly spirit, but as it was, the other child's feelings were often hurt, and the bad side of her little mistress' character developed. The judicious mother knew better than to preach to her haughty little daughter, but her own gentle way of asking for the many little services which the child servant could render, her gracious thanks for them and her unceasing consideration for the child did their work, and the little mistress became considerate in her turn, and was soon enjoying the novel task of teaching her little companion some of the many accomplishments which she had acquired from her teachers. Where at first the clumsy efforts with the needle brought forth such expressions as "Idiot," "Gawk," Stupid," and the like, they soon changed to "Oh, you funny thing," "What a great old violet," "I guess that rose had a worm in it," etc., so that it was rather as a sister than as a servant that the little maid rendered her service.

* * *

"I don't care if she is an old maid; she's nicer than your mother, anyhow; she's never cross, and always likes to have me kiss her." These were the words of a little orphan who was being brought up by her old maid aunt. And they told a great truth; that many unmarried women have the mother heart and can give a love and a training better than that of many who have the mere physical title to motherhood. These are the old maids who make the homes they visit brighter, who are full of tenderness for all God's little ones.

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GRANNY'S LARDER

ALTHOUGH salad is an all year round dish it is above all in warm weather that one appreciates it. All green vegetables, especially those that may be eaten raw, are suitable for salads and such vegetables as string beans, cauliflower, beets, asparagus and potatoes, which, having been cooked, can be eaten cold, mixed together, with lettuce or in some fancy form, and eaten with salad dressing.

The French say that salad may be made of anything, and they certainly seem to prove the truth of their assertion, for salad appears at every meal, and there is the widest variety in kind. Nasturtium blossoms are among the favorite ingredients for a French salad, and they have a sharpness and savor which are delicious, besides making a very lovely garnish.

In making a salad it is of the utmost importance that all the ingredients should be of the very best quality. Furthermore, they should all be thoroughy chilled before the salad making is undertaken. The making of the salad is a comparatively easy matter, the trouble is with the dressing, which will either make or mar the dish. The simplest of all dressings is the French, which consists of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. It may be made in the following proportions: One saltspoonful of salt, half that quantity of white pepper, a dash of paprika, three spoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar. If the bowl be rubbed with a clove of garlic or an onion it will give a tasty flavor to the whole salad. This, however, is a matter of taste.

The great majority of Americans dislike oil, and for them the dressing may be modified by leaving this out or substituting melted butter. It is not a bad plan, however, to cultivate a taste for oil, as its use in salad dressing is universal, and it is a very healthy article of diet.

Mayonnaise is the heartbreak of many housewives. It is one of those things into which enter not only certain specified ingredients, but great skill in handling and a certain degree of temperament. It is useless to attempt a mayonnaise if one is at all nervous at the time. The best cooks realize this. One of the secrets of a good mayonnaise is to have every ingredient absolutely cold. The oil especially should stand in the refrigerator for an hour before it is used.

If possible stand the dish in which you are mixing the mayonnaise in ice so as to keep it cold. Use a smooth bowl and a rotary egg-beater rather than a brush or fork. To make a pint of dressing the following ingredients will be necessary: Three gills of oil, the yokes of two uncooked eggs, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a quarter of a saltspoonful of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream.

Put the salt, cayenne, mustard and yokes of eggs into the bowl and beat until thick and light; then add the oil, a few drops at a time, until it is blended with the other ingredients. After a while the dressing will become thick and ropy, and then the oil may be added more freely; now begin adding the vinegar, a half teaspoonful at a time. After some more beating the mixture will become so thick that the beater will hardly turn; then add the lemon juice a little at a time. When the whole is smooth and firm beat in the cream with a fork. Where cream can not be obtained an extra gill of oil may be used, but the cream gives the finishing touch and makes a far superior dressing.

A boiled dressing, which can be used by those who do not like oil, is made as follows: Beat up the yokes of three eggs till they are light and thick; add to them two teaspoonfuls of salt, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the same of melted butter, one cupful of cream, a half cupful of hot vinegar and the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. After making stand in the refrigerator till thoroughly cold and it will be a good substitute for mayonnaise.

To serve a chicken salad, take a pint of cold roasted chicken cut small, and one half as much celery; cut in thin pieces. Pour over a very little French dressing, and set on the ice to chill. Have your mayonnaise or boiled dressing prepared, and at serving-time mix a part with the chicken and celery, arrange in a salad bowl, pour the rest of the dressing over, and garnish with capers, bits of olives and celery leaves.

Lobster salad is probably the salad that is most frequently used. Cut a pint of lobster meat in dice, cover with a French dressing, and set on ice. When the time to use it comes mix half the dressing that you propose to use with the lobster meat, make cups of crisp lettuce leaves, put a large spoonful of the lobster in each, and pour dressing on top.

For a tomato and lettuce salad select crisp lettuce and fair, even sized tomatoes, allowing one to each person. Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skin, then pull it off. Wash the lettuce, and put both it and the tomatoes into the ice until serving time. Lay each tomato on a lettuce leaf, and pour the mayonnaise over them.

Apple and celery salad is made by cutting rather sour apples into small pieces, mixing with celery cut as for chicken salad, making a cup of lettuce leaves, filling each leaf with the apple and celery, and covering with mayonnaise.

Tart oranges may be cut into dice and served in the same way, the top being afterwards strewn with English walnut meat.

It is quite as important to have the salads thoroughly chilled as to have soups perfectly hot. These are two articles to which applies the scriptural saying as to being either hot or cold.

An economical chicken salad may be made as follows: One teaspoonful each of salt, mustard, and sugar, an egg, slightly beaten, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and three-fourths of a cup of cream; cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened, then add gradually one-fourth of a cup of hot vinegar; strain, and when cold mix with equal parts of cold chicken, and tender, cold roast veal cut in cubes; let stand about half an hour in the refrigerator, then add half the bulk of crisp celery cut in bits, or crisp chopped cabbage. The amount of dressing given will suffice for about one pint of meat and celery mixed. Garnish with lettuce, pickled beet, olives, chillies, or tomato jelly.

Another nice salad is thus made: With the smooth sides of butter pats roll Neufchatel cheese into the shape of small eggs. Cut long radishes into straws, and season with French dressing; arrange the straws in lettuce nests, place the eggs in the nests, sprinkle the whole with French dressing, and fleck the eggs with paprika.

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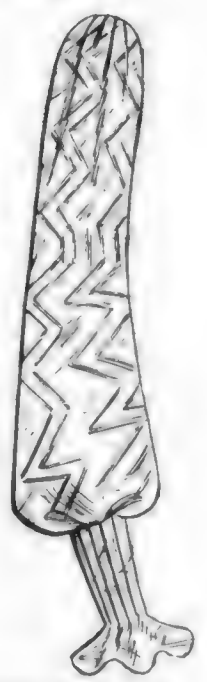

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A FAIR INVADER.

(*Continued from page 26.*)

Dora had worked herself up into a high state of nervous excitement, which at this point found vent in tears. There was a footstep, but she did not hear it, then a quiet voice:

"You are troubled, Miss Hartley. I hope it is not because of the foolish events of this evening."

It was Mr. Harkins, and Dora's pride came to her aid.

"I—I am not crying because I am in any way troubled. It is very foolish of me; but you know joy sometimes causes one's tears to flow."

"Oh! I certainly should have been deceived in this instance, but since you assure me that you are weeping for joy, I am glad to find I was for one moment mistaken. I was inclined to think and to fear that you had a sudden fit of homesickness."

He spoke so kindly that Dora was touched and softened. His grave respect, also, was grateful to her wounded self-love.

"You have then been cheered by some good news since you left the dining-room? The evening post has brought you letters from America?"

"No—o—. I have been here only two days as yet."

"Ah! That is so. I am forgetting that you are such a stranger among us. No wonder you do not understand us. But are you always as defiant as you seemed this evening?"

"I have never before been treated as I was this evening," replied Dora.

"Have I been unjust to you?" said Mr. Harkins, quickly. "Believe me, not for worlds would I hurt your feelings; but the matter is just this, my brother is gay, thoughtless and apt to be regardless of others in pleasing himself. He follows the whim of the moment, without considering where it is apt to lead him. Therefore, I warn you not to think seriously of anything he says, and a word from my mother——"

"No, Mr. Harkins, I will not complain to the Marquise. If the Marquis becomes annoying I will return to America."

"Not that, I beg of you, Petite. You have won my mother's heart and can do much to brighten her life. If I dared, if I felt that I had any right to ask so much of you, I would beg you not to take any decisive step without consulting me."

Dora hesitated, but the worn and worried face appealed to her, and she answered, holding out her hand:

"That I will freely promise you. Good-night, Mr. Harkins."

"Good-night, Miss Hartley, and good-bye—till we meet at St. Just."

When Dora reached the head of the stairs she looked back, and Mr. Harkins was gazing up at her with a strange brightness in his face.

"Good-night, good-bye," he said again.

And unconsciously Dora added:

"Till we meet at St. Just."

(*To be continued.*)

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NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

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So great and unexpected has been the success of **PICTORIAL REVIEW** that its volume will hereafter be increased by a number of pages, and its contents will include the best short stories obtainable, an interesting serial novel, articles on fashion, dressmaking, physical health and beauty, home decoration, amusements, and many other subjects of timely interest.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER.

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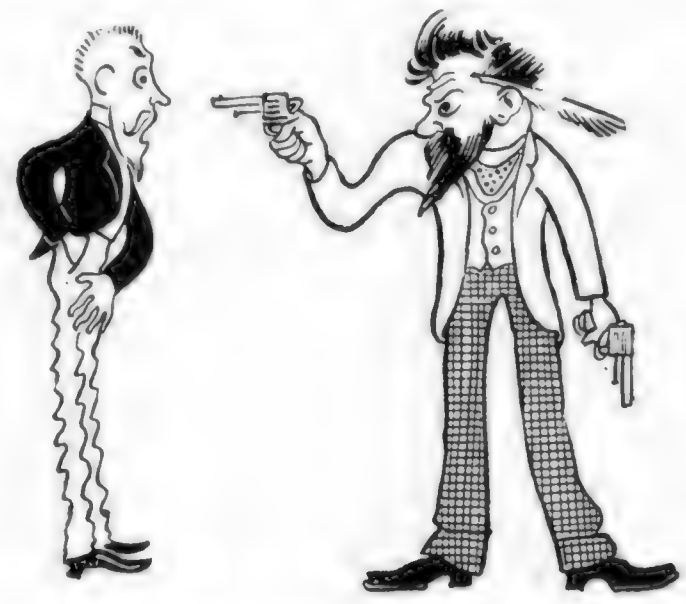

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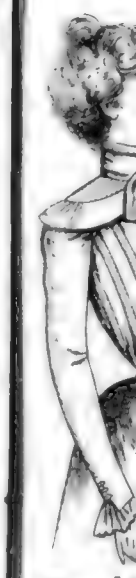

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Gown. Pric

No. 1. Ladies' Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 3. Ladies 'Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 154. Ladies' Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 155 Ladies' Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 156. Ladies' Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 24. Child's Sailor Suit. Price 20 cents.

No. 17. Girls' Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 45. Girls Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 18. Girls' Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 157. Girls' Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 19. Girls' Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 41. Ladies' Shirt Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 85. Ladies' Shirt Waist. Price 20 cents.

No. 158. Child's Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 159. Child's Coat. Price 20 cents.

No. 160. Girl's Dress. Price 20 cents.

No. 88. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 10. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 89. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 90. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 55. Ladies' House Gown. Price 40 cents.

No. 30. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 44. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 87. Ladies' House Gown. Price 40 cents.

No. 161. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

No. 162 Ladies' Tea Gown Price 40 cents.

No. 163. Ladies' Waist and Skirt. Price 20 cents each.

The above patterns in any desired size. Order garments by bust measure.

LESSON ON PRACTICAL DRESSMAKING.

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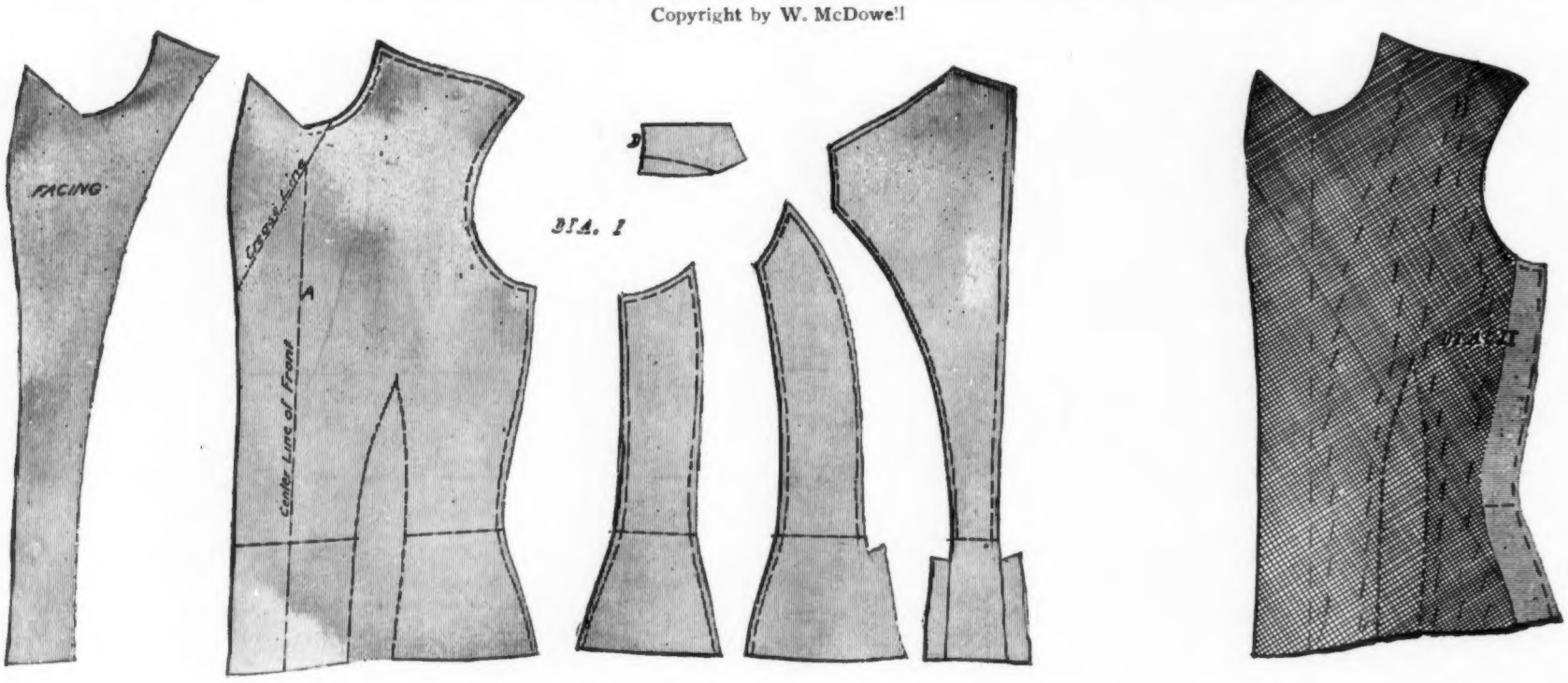


SPECIAL INSTRUCTION IN LADIES' TAILORING.

FIRST LESSON—COAT MAKING.

The successful dressmaker now-a-days realizes the importance of a practical knowledge of the tailoring art as applied to Ladies Garments (Coats, Capes, Waists, Jackets, Walking Skirts, etc.) The latest up-to-date methods in use by the leading Ladies' Tailors and taught in each of the McDowell Schools will be clearly explained and plainly illustrated in a series of lessons similar to the one given in a previous lesson on the Tailor Made Skirt. We begin by taking the order, and this is the proper time to decide about the style of the garment and most of the details. Be sure to ask the customer what kind of garment she desires, single or double breasted, plain or scalloped around the bottom. It is necessary to know if there is to be a vent on the side, or if the garment is to be finished in the back like a man's coat. If any pockets are wanted, ask about the kind of pocket and exact location, also the style of sleeve, whether it is to be plain or fancy. If these different points are decided when the order is taken it will be more satisfactory and is also likely to save you a lot of trouble.

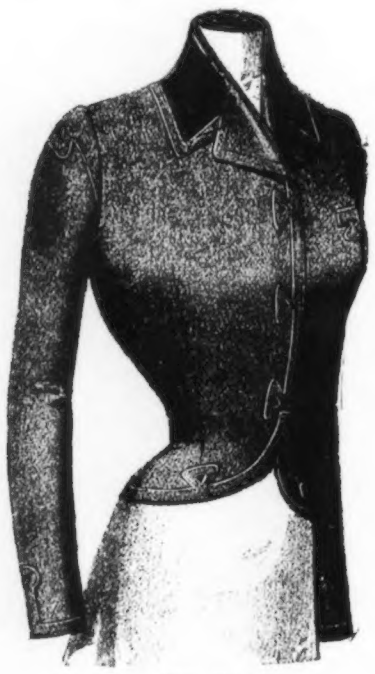
The measurements having been taken and the style of the coat selected and cut according to the measures, we shall commence these instructions in making, by taking the various parts of the garment as cut from the cloth.

Diagram I represents the Front (with sufficient goods allowed for revers, etc.) the Under-Arm, Side-Body and Back; also the Facing and the Collar.

TAILOR THREAD--MARKING.

The goods being laid double so that the right side is face to face, the outline of each part of the garment is indicated by chalking the sewing lines, as well as the waist line, crease line, and centre of front. As the chalk can only mark the wrong side of one of the two pieces and is more over easily rubbed out, tailors find it necessary to mark all of the seams, etc., with a loose basting thread. Therefore the sewing lines of all the pieces, the darts and also the centre of the front, the crease line of the revers and the waist line are thread or tailor marked as described below. In Diagram I the dotted lines show the ones to be thus thread marked.

Put a DOUBLE basting thread in your needle, take back-and-forth stitches about half an inch long and instead of drawing them all tight, let every other stitch loop up about one-half inch. After you finish basting each set of pieces in this manner (Tailors usually commence with the largest pieces first, as the Front etc.) CUT EVERY OTHER LOOP. This method of basting allows enough thread so that some remains in the sewing lines of each piece after they are separated. This is done by partially pulling them apart being careful, as you do so, to cut in half each basting thread that has held them together. The object of thus thread-marking every piece is to define the seams allowed on the pieces as cut out, and to indicate the sewing lines of the garment where it is impossible to show or retain the chalk marks. You are now ready to cut and prepare the canvas.



Dia. III.

SHRINKING THE CANVAS AND BASTING IT IN THE FRONT.

The canvas must be shrunk well before it is used. This is done by simply making the canvas damp all over with clean water, and pressing it with a hot iron until perfectly dry. The canvas is intended to interline and stiffen the Front so it will keep its proper shape. There is a dart in the canvas, the same as the outside, whenever the canvas extends over the darts.

The shape of the canvas is shown in Diagram II. Notice that it covers the entire front piece to within about two inches of the under-arm seam. The method of basting it in, is as follows: Commence by basting the canvas in firmly along lines shown in Diagram II. Baste the dart *from the outside* from the waist line up and from the waste line down; the dart is not yet to be cut, as sometimes its size and position may have to be altered.

Now that each separate piece is thread-marked, and the canvas shrunk and basted in the front, the next step is to join them together and prepare the garment for the first try-on.

This is done by basting each seam evenly from the waist line up and from the waist line down. Let the seams be basted "fair," no matter whether or not they come out evenly at the arm-hole.

Commence by joining the two backs, then each sidebody, under-arm and front.

Baste a narrow strip of canvas around the neck seam at the back from shoulder to shoulder to prevent the seams from ripping as the coat is now ready to be tried on.

Persons using the McDowell System usually have only one try-on, and put in the canvas and hair cloth, etc., before the garment is tried on the first time. However, many persons prefer to try on the garment at first with only the canvas in, so we will explain fully, in the next lesson, about the canvas and hair cloth. The next step in making a tailor-made garment will be shown in the following number, as we desire to give instruction for making a garment similar to the one shown in Diagram III.

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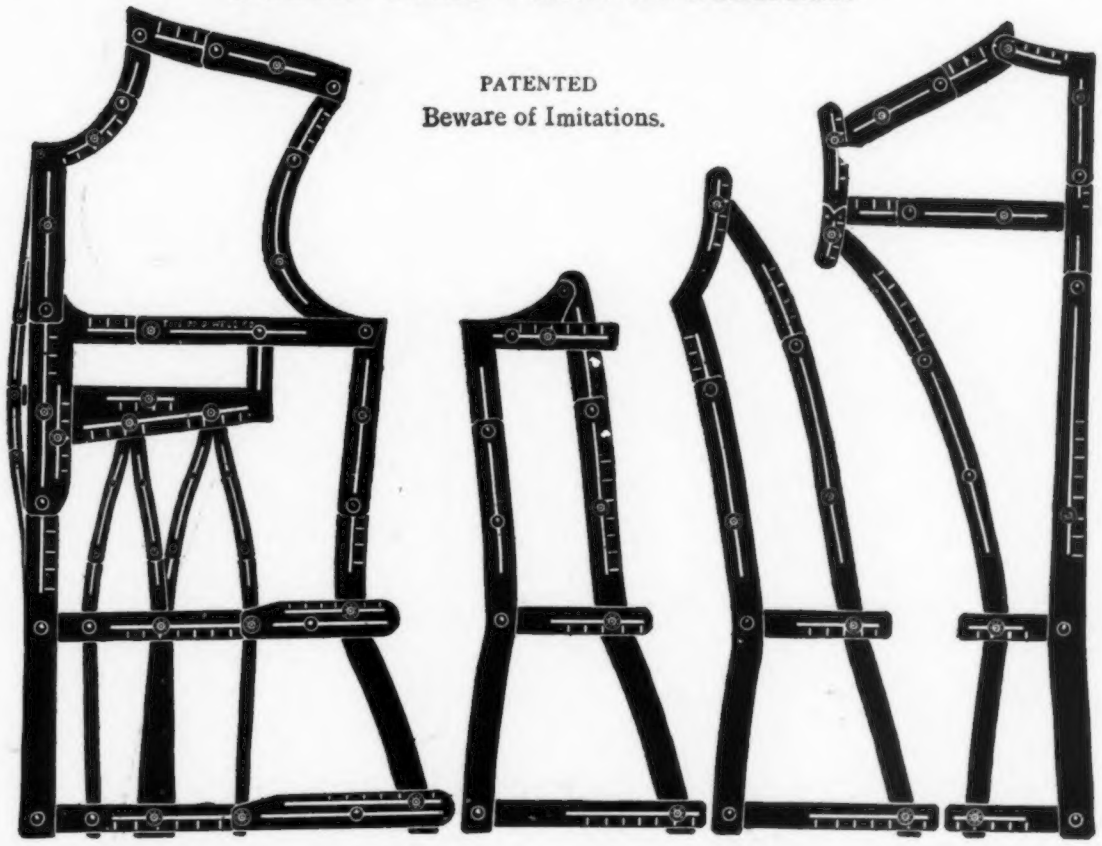

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WRITE

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